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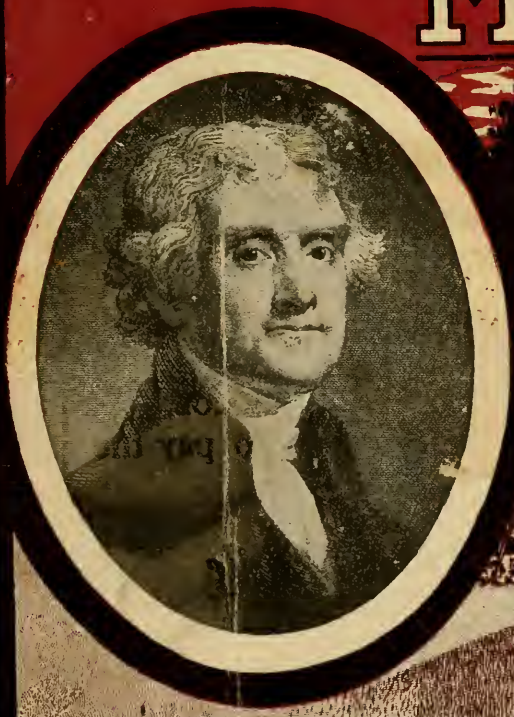

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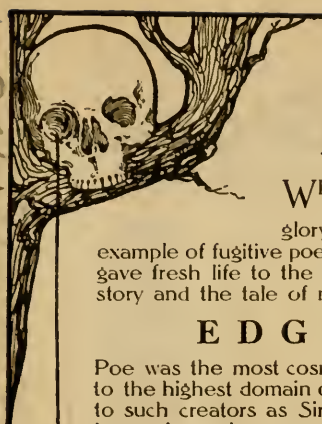

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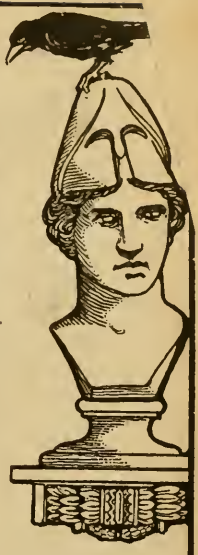

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ROBERT TOOMBS

(See Page 731)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XII.

AS we have seen, there were 105 men in the original colony. Of these, only 38 survived at the time the London Company sent over what was called the First Supply. It consisted of 120 men and a store of provisions. This was in January, 1608. In the following September, came the Second Supply, of 70 persons, bringing the whole number up to 200—for 28 had died between these two voyages of Captain Newport. It was on his return to England, after having landed the Second Supply, that the credulous mariner loaded the ship with a cargo of yellow sand, supposing it to contain gold. The Third supply arrived in August, 1609, and consisted of 300 men, women and children. When Captain Smith left Virginia in the following October, there were about 500 people in the colony.

During the Starving Time a band of about 30 men seized one of the ships and sailed away, to become pirates—according to Stith—or to return to England, as Captain Smith asserts. Another band of about the same number went into Powhatan's country to purchase corn, and were treacherously slain from ambush. The same historians who tell us that Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith, also state that upon the occasion of this massacre on the Pamunkey, the same little Indian girl rescued a man and a boy. Nearly all of the narratives of the original colonists which mention the name of Henry Spellman (the white boy in question) positively declare that his life was spared at the intercession of Pocahontas.

But it so happened that after Henry Spellman returned to England, he wrote an account of the years he spent among the Red men. After a most curious history, this original manuscript found its way to New England, where it now remains as the property of James F. Hunnewell of Charleston, Massachusetts. It was not published until 1872, when 100 copies were struck off in London. The compilers of the latest edition (1910) of the "Travels and Works of Captain John Smith" have included this most valuable narrative with the original authorities which they publish along with Captain Smith's own "works." No historian who wrote prior to 1872 could have known of the Spellman manuscript. They knew that Anas Todkill and

others had (long after the alleged event) asserted that the Captain's life had been saved by Pocahontas; they knew that the same writers had likewise borne testimony to the fact that she saved Henry Spellman, too. They accepted these stories and handed them down to posterity as historical. Bancroft himself went no further than to "shy" at the Captain Smith fable; he casts suspicion upon it, but does not expose its fabulous character. (See "Bancroft's History of the United States," Appleton's edition, Vol. 1, page 93.)

In brief, the Henry Spellman story, as told by himself, is this:

Powhatan sent Thomas Savage (a white man) and four or five Indians to Jamestown, "with venison for Capt. Percie, who is now President." After the delivery of the gift, the party was about to return, when Thomas Savage expressed a reluctance to going back among the Indians, "without some of his countrymen to go with him." "Whereupon," says Spellman, "I was appointed to go." He set out from Jamestown, carrying with him a few such things as he knew Powhatan would be pleased to receive. Spellman declares that he was the more willing to go because "victuals were scarce with us." Powhatan accepted the presents, and treated Spellman kindly. But the old Emperor was plotting against the whites. He sent the young man back to Jamestown with the message that if the English would come to him, bringing "some copper," he would fill their boat with corn. Spellman did as he was told to do, and thus innocently led his own people into the ambuscade. Captain Percie had agreed to act as President after Captain John Smith went away, but he was disabled by sickness. The bold, turbulent Ratcliffe, the factious knave who had given Smith so much trouble and who had formerly been President of the colony, now took the lead; and, with about thirty men, he went up the Pamunkey as Powhatan had invited him to do. But he took no precautions; and while the English were preparing to load the boat with corn, they were slain from ambush.

Powhatan and his wives departed before the massacre began *and he took Henry Spellman and Thomas Savage with him.* Apparently, the Emperor's party had not got out of sight before the murderous work commenced.

William Russell and another white man whose name is not mentioned escaped by flight. Pocahontas was not there, at all; and Spellman's life was in no danger whatever. On the contrary, he was under Powhatan's personal protection.

The young man remained with the Indians "24 or 25 weeks," and he began to be afraid, for Powhatan was not so cordial as he had been at first. About this time, Japasaws, a king from the Potomac, came to pay the Powhatan a visit. During his stay he took a great liking to the two white men. Between themselves, Spellman and Savage agreed that when Japasaws returned to the Potomac, they would go with him. They were afraid to remain with Powhatan. Therefore, when Japasaws started home, the two white men slipped off from Powhatan and went with the Potomac party. As soon as their ab-

sence was discovered by Powhatan, he sent runners after them, commanding their return. The white men refused to go back. Thereupon, one of Powhatan's messengers tomahawked Samuel Savage. Spellman took to his heels, and the Powhatan messengers pursued him, while Japasaws and his Indians pursued the pursuers. The Potomac party outran the Powhatan messengers, caught them and held them until Spellman was well beyond recapture. He remained with Japasaws on the Pototmac, more than a year, and was ransomed by Captain Argall, in 1610. He went back to England, but returned later, and became a Captain in the Virginia colony.

After the massacre of Ratcliffe and his men, why did the Indians make no attempt to wipe out of existence the wretched remnant at Jamestown? Did they conclude, as the Spaniards did, that all of those starvelings would be dead in a few days?

It is impossible to say. The Indians murdered individual members of the colony whenever they got the chance, but no concerted attack was made on the colony itself.

True, they did not generously feed the English now, as they had done during the fearful sickness and famine of 1607. George Percie left on record the debt of gratitude which the colony owed the Indians, without whose "Bread, corne, fish and flesh, in great plentie . . we had all perished."

What had wrought the change in the Red men? The outrages committed upon them by the whites—especially by the "unruly gallants" who had come over with the Third Supply. According to Captain John Smith these dissipated and vicious men had been shipped to Virginia by their kinsmen because of the scandal they caused at home. Smith gives them a very bad name, indeed, and speaks of their seditious conduct and of their "drinking deep at the Taverne." (So they had a barroom at old Jamestown!)

* * *

But the London Company was neither dead nor sleeping; it was taking on increased strength and was redoubling its efforts. Under the new charter granted by King James, they were independent of Parliament and were self-governing. Some of the most wealthy and high-born men of the realm enrolled their names as shareholders. Besides 659 individuals, the Company was composed of 56 trade guilds. While the first Council was appointed by the King, all vacancies were thereafter to be filled by the Company itself. The new charter also empowered the Company to levy custom-house duties and to make defensive war—in Virginia, of course. The Council was invested with the exclusive power to legislate for the colony and the right to appoint all colonial officers. The new charter abolished the Virginia Council and gave to the Governor (named by the London Council) autocratic power over the settlers. Under this new charter some very Blue laws were enacted. Failure to attend divine service on the Sabaath was made a capital offence. Anyone who spoke disrespectfully to the clergymen was to be three times publicly whipped. Slander was forbidden,

under barbarous penalties. Any one speaking against the Articles of Christian faith was to be put to death. It was death to deride the Bible; death, to commit adultery; death, to steal from the common store-house; death, to trade with the Indians without authority; death, to kill any domestic animal, *or fowl*, belonging to the community; death, to sell at a higher price than that fixed by the Governor; death, to rob a garden of a vegetable, *or a flower;* death, to run away to the Indians.

Very passionately the Virginians of a later day spoke of "the Scythian cruelty" which they had suffered under this code of Draconian bloodiness.

Let us remember that in England there were more than 100 offences punished capitally, and among these were petit larceny, cutting a tree in a nobleman's park, shooting one of my Lord's rabbits, stealing linen from a bleach field, *writing one's name on London Bridge,* &c., and even little boys were sent to the scaffold for taking part in riots.

In fact, those who enforced Virginia's first criminal code defended themselves upon the ground that these severe laws were like those of England.

Shares in the Company were valued at about $300 each—expressed in our money. Each emigrant was entitled to one share. During a period of seven years the emigrant worked for the community and was maintained by the Company. At the end of the seven years, the emigrant was given land in proportion to the stock he held.

With these inducements, the Company collected about 500 people—men, women and children—who sailed from London in June, 1609, bound for Virginia. The fleet of nine vessels was under the command of Captain Newport. With him on his ship, the *Sea Venture*, were Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, who were to take the emigrants under their personal supervision. Virginia's first Governor, Thomas West, third Lord Delaware, remained in London.

The fleet was nearing the end of its voyage when it was caught "in the tail of a hurricane." One vessel went to the bottom; the *Sea Venture,* after a desperate battle with the waves, struck on one of the Bermuda Islands; and the others, badly worsted, reached Jamestown in August, 1609.

When Captain Smith and his companions landed in England, they carried the first news of the loss of the *Sea Venture* and the distracted state of the colony. Lord Delaware made haste to go to the relief. In April, 1610, he set sail with 150 emigrants.

In the meantime, the crew and the passengers of the *Sea Venture* had spent weary months upon the Bermuda island. They had not only escaped from the wreck without the loss of a life, but they saved the greater part of their belongings. The natural food of the island and the wild hogs that abounded supplied them with food.

Partly out of cedar cut on the island and partly out of the material of the stranded *Sea Venture,* the castaways constructed two small pinnaces, the *Patience* and the *Deliverance.* In these they crossed the

700 miles of water which lay between them and Virginia, arriving at Jamestown in May, 1610.

The spectacle which met their eyes at this dying village was appalling. Hardly 60 men, women and children were left of that colony of 500; and even these seemed more dead than alive. There was nothing to eat at Jamestown; to expect supplies from the incensed Red men would be foolhardy; and the newly come pinnaces could not supply the hungry mouths more than a couple of weeks. In consternation and grief, Gates, Somers and Newport decided that Virginia must be abandoned. To persevere in the effort at colonization were madness. Fate was against them, and this blow was crushing.

Strip the huts of all that can be used, burn them to the ground and then, away from the God-forsaken land! Such was the temper of the desperate colonists. The cabins were stripped, but Gates would not allow them to be fired. Every one boarded the vessels. To the funereal roll of drums, the dismal procession wended its way to the boats; and they dropped down the James to Mulberry bend, where they anchored for the night. Next morning they proceeded on their way. About noon they espied the long-boat of a ship on its way into Hampton Roads and toward the broad north mouth of the river.

Lord Delaware on reaching Point Comfort had been told by some of the colonists who were fishing there that Jamestown was about to be abandoned. He at once despatched his long-boat to carry to the despairing colonists the glad tidings that he had come, with three vessels, well provided with food, and that he would be with them on the morrow.

Back to Jamestown sailed the two pinnaces. They had started on the outward voyage on Thursday, June 7th, 1610. They had gone back on Saturday. On Sunday, June 10th, they formally and in military array received the Governor. As Lord Delaware stepped from his boat, he knelt upon the ground and prayed.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XVII.

WERE you surprised when you read, in the preceding chapter, that the Roman priests had substituted *rice* for bread in their so-called "sacrifice of the mass?" I was not aware of the fact until recently. The disuse of wheat flour may not be universal in the Romanist churches, but the use of rice—in this country, at least—cannot be denied.

By what authority, Biblical or otherwise, did the hierarchy discontinue the employment of wheaten bread? What right does any Christian have to eat rice, as a part of the Lord's supper?

My information is that rice was selected for the reason that it dissolves more readily when tossed into the mouth of the faithful. What has *that* got to do with it? Presumably, Christ and His disciples ate their bread in the usual way, by mastication. How else could they swallow it? Common sense teaches us that they consumed their Passover feast—lamb, bread and wine—just as other Jews did, and just as we ourselves eat our meals. The bare fact that the Roman hierarchy had to hunt around among edibles, to find one that could be made into wafers, look most like wheaten bread and dissolve most readily when placed in the mouth, *shows how foreign their "sacrificial mass" is to the Scriptural Lord's Supper.*

In the first place, why did they change the loaf, to the small, thin disc called "wafer?" Christ and His disciples did not sit down to sup on discs. He did not take a little, flat, eighth-of-an-inch wafer, bless it, break it, and hand to His disciples. No; He took *"a loaf,"* just as thousands of other Jews were doing at the same hour; and it was this loaf that He distributed, symbolical of His broken body.

In the second place, how is *the symbolism* retained when anything else is substituted for either the wine or the bread? If one element of the sacrament may be exchanged for something wholly different, the other may. Nobody associates rice with bread. It has never been so used by individuals or by nations. When we say "bread," our minds contemplate the loaf. And in the time of Christ, the word "corn" meant wheat, and the word "loaf" mean wheat bread, cooked generally in oval shape. I don't suppose that Christ ever so much as saw a dish of rice. It was not a product of Palestine; and at that time the Jews knew nothing of the rice-growing countries, China, Japan, &c. What

an abomination is it, then, to discard the wheaten loaf and replace it with the disc made from the paste of rice! It seems positively sacrilegious. *They might just as well substitute ginger-ale, for the wine.*

In the days of Luther, wheat bread was universally used by the Roman priests. When rice was preferred, the change was made silently, secretly; and we have no record of the date or manner of its being done.

If a Romanist priest can transform a loaf of bread into the body of Christ, I admit that he might be able to work the same miracle on a dish of rice, or upon a wafer made from rice. It is likewise my firm belief that if a priest can change rice into a human body, he could, with equal facility, work the same stupendous transformation in a dish of ham and eggs.

But before we go further, let us inquire whether American prelates, *of the present era,* resign their common sense to this monstrous doctrine of pagan Rome. Archbishop Ireland is a fair representative of the American priesthood; *he* knows what the Roman church holds on the subject of the bread and wine. On Sept. 29, 1911, he preached a sermon on "the Eucharist." Doubtless, he prepared himself carefully, for he was addressing the Eucharistic Congress, assembled in Cincinnati, Ohio. We reprint the following extract from the Archbishop's homily, as reported in Phelan's *Western Watchman,* and copied into *The Protestant Magazine*:

"Priests of the Holy Catholic Church, you are the successors of the first twelve; you are the heirs of their privileges and powers. You celebrate your mass. At the moment of the consecration you repeat the words of Jesus: 'This is My body—this is the chalice, the new testament in My blood.' You speak under no power, no authority, of your own; you speak as Jesus did speak, under the spell of His omnipotence —what He did, you do: *the bread is changed into His body, and the wine into His blood: Jesus is on the altar, fully man, fully God.* The bodily eye does not discern Him, neither does the ear hear Him; yet our Christian faith bids us proclaim His presence. He is there: we have 'the more firm prophetical word,' from which there must be no dissent.

"Do you now ask in what relation the Eucharist holds itself to the incarnation? *The eucharist is the incarnation itself, continued through the ages.* . . . The eucharist is the complement of Bethlehem and Calvary; through it the incarnation abides among men, in the fulness of the original gift, adown the ages even unto the consummation of the world.

"*The eucharist is the incarnation,* dwelling among us, realizing by immediate contact with the souls the mighty purposes the Word had in mind, when, in the counsels of the Godhead, he first exclaimed, 'Lo, I come!'"

Pope Urban expressed the same thought in bolder terms when he spoke of the priests, "*who by their touch create God, who created all things.*" The Papa also said that the priests offered up to God, the Father, the perpetual sacrifice of God, the Son. All orthodox Rom-

anists hold the same view; that is, when they eat the flesh of Christ they offer up to the heavenly Father the sacrifice of His only begotten Son. The priest does the same thing when he drinks the blood.

Thus, you will observe, all similarity to the Lord's Supper is destroyed. There is no semblance of a supper, at all. *The Catholics do not use the word.*

Mosheim tells us, in his *Ecclesiastical History,* that the early Christians met around a common board, and celebrated the rite by eating bread and drinking wine. To those members of the congregation who were absent—through sickness or otherwise—a portion of the feast would be sent, in token of fraternal remembrance. The Lord's Supper was not, in the earliest ages of Christianity, restricted to places of worship. Apparently, the celebration often occurred in a private dwelling, as the original Supper did. What the primitive congregations did was to assemble, *on the first day of the week,* and to eat a meal of victuals together, in remembrance of the last meal the Savior took before His arrest. The bread and the wine were, of course, the prominent elements of the holy feast, but it does not appear that they were the only ones. It is highly probable that flesh was on the table, also, as at the Last Supper. But there was no limit put upon the amount of bread any one should consume, nor upon how many glasses of wine he should drink. We know from the Scriptures themselves that some of the brethren caused scandal by imbibing too freely. For more than a thousand years after Christ, the churches continued to commemorate a supper. Such a thing as devouring His body and swallowing His blood was not thought of—much less the offering of Him, *as a sacrifice* to His Father. So abhorrent, disgusting and paganistic an idea never affected a lodgment in the Roman creed until the 13th century; and even then it was stubbornly contested for several hundred years. It may be truthfully said that the dogma is almost as modern as Papal infallibility and the immaculate conception of Mary. (Who can tell? In the course of time the Pope may become a God, and the mother of Mary's mother may be added to the list of the immaculate conceptions.)

But let us return to the sermon of Archbishop Ireland. He states that, by the words and the touch of the priests—white priests, yellow priests, brown priests, black priests—*Christ is re-incarnated.* He is there on the altar, "fully man, fully God." Isn't is amazing that such utterances can be soberly made, here in the 20th century? *And in the United States!* That kind of thing belongs to the era of witchcraft, sorcery, demons, succubuses, gnomes and haunted houses.

Christ upon the altar, "fully man, fully God?" That doctrine plays havoc with the Trinity. How can a Romanist believe in a Triune God, in Heaven, and at the same time have God on the altar? *How can a human creature create God?* How can we reconcile the doctrine of *the supreme sacrifice on Calvary* with the doctrine of a continual sacrifice of Christ—not only on the altars of churches, but in open-air ceremonies, and in the chapels permitted to favored ones in their homes?

God on the altar! And offered up to God as a sacrifice! He thus comes to us at any time and any place that a priest may choose. He has returned to the earth hundreds of thousands of times, and been sacrificed anew each time! What ignorance was that of the apostle who wrote, *under inspiration,* of *THE SECOND* coming of Christ. The inspired writer of the New Testament was totally without knowledge that *millions of priests could bring Christ back to earth, millions of times!* (No wonder the Roman heirarchy keeps the Bible away from their deluded followers.)

When Christ sat down to meat, for the last time, it was *as a man.* It was a man who underwent mental agony in Gethsemane; it was a man that almost despaired, on the Cross; it was a man that died, and was laid away in the tomb. When Jesus spoke to His disciples at the Supper, it was a mournful man who said "Remember Me." He was very sad, and His humanity shrank from the dread ordeal that was at hand. He had to die a cruel death, before He could ascend to heaven and take His place "at the right hand of God."

There was formerly a question as to whether the Christ of the Romanist celebration was alive or dead. Archbishop Ireland answers it. As he spoke by authority, he voiced the creed of his church. The body which the priest creates and which the congregation swallows, is a living body, for God cannot be dead. "Jesus is on the altar, fully man, fully God." So says the Archbishop. Since God cannot die, and since God is on the altar, the Romanist laity eat the Almighty when they take the sacrament. A human being creates the God who created *him,* and a number of pious ladies and gentlemen convey to their bellies the God that created *them.* The intestines receive this God, the gastric juices digest Him, and He passes out of the human system along with other foeces! How revolting!

To revive an inquiry made by Erasmus, let us ask a priest what would have been the nature of the bread and wine, if Peter had celebrated mass while Christ was on the Cross. Another thing: how can Jesus, *as both man and God,* be present at so many places on earth, without leaving vacant His place in Heaven? True, we say and believe that Jehovah is all-powerful and omnipresent, but that means the Trinity, not one, only, of its constituent parts. If God is on he altar, it must be the whole Trinity, or else the Romanists abandon the doctrine of a Triune divinity. Furthermore, it appears to me that the mass, as the Catholics regard it, *obliterates the Holy Ghost.* In fact, it is beyond the ingenuity of the human brain to reconcile the orthodox belief in a Triune God, with the belief that human beings can separate the persons of the Godhead, and impiously use one of them as an asset in their business.

And when we remember that this frightful dogma was borrowed from ancient paganism and imposed upon the laity for the purpose of augmenting the powers and the revenues of a corrupt, grasping, and hypocritical priesthood, the detestation of it grows.

The ancients were cursed by impostors who pretended to talk with the gods. These impostors claimed

to have "the ear" of their divinities, and to possess boundless influence over them. Whom the priests cursed, the gods anathematized. Whom the priests blessed, the gods favored. The priests could "bind and loose," for a consideration. If the deity was an ox, the priests took charge of him. If it was fire, the priests kept it up.

Even Alexander the Great wished to know what the gods thought of his proposed invasion of Persia and went to the oracle to find out—the priestess being the mouthpiece of divinity. If they had no visible living god, they had the next best thing; which was, a statue that represented him and which could speak.

Faith in these impostors was blind, unquestioning, fanatical. Riches poured into the temples; Priest-craft ruled the people and the rulers of the people. When they spoke it was divinity speaking. Who could resist a sacred order which monopolized the privilege of holding possession of the deities whom all adored, and of communing in person with the gods? No wonder the Kings were in awe of the chief priests. No wonder the people surrendered their wealth, in exchange for the favor of the gods.

Having profitably taken over so many other impositions of paganism, how could the Roman hierarchy resist the temptation to imitate their ancient prototypes in the matter of taking possession of the divinity? All the world fears death and the hereafter; all the world reverences or fears the Almighty God; all the world will give money to make sure of salvation. Therefore, Rome takes absolute control of the deity, absolute control of the road to Heaven, absolute control of the dead who are in purgatory, absolute control of the eternal destiny of every living soul. Out of her pale, there is no salvation; within the pale, her priests grant, or refuse, everlasting happiness.

Who, then, can marvel at Rome's incalculable wealth? Who can wonder that she exerts such mastery over the minds of her votaries?

Bacchus was the mythological god of the vineyard; *wine was spoken of as his blood.* Ceres was the goddess of the harvest and she is pictured with sheafs of wheat in her hand; when a Greek ate wheat bread, he was said to be *eating the body of Ceres.*

In the Grecian religion, "Eleusinian mysteries" were by far the most sacred rites. At the initiation of a new member he was given the body of Ceres to eat, and the blood of Bacchus to drink. That is, he reverently ate a bit of wheat bread, and drank a glass of red wine. This was ages before the birth of Christ.

Whether the originators of the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist had any knowledge of the Eleusinian Mysteries, I, of course, do not know. I doubt whether a single Cardinal knows that *their Eucharist is a survival of Grecian mythology.*

From the orthodox Christian point of view the Roman Catholic innovation concerning the perpetual sacrifice is in conflict with the doctrine of the Atonement. "It is finished," meant just that; the sacrifice was accomplished. Christ did not say "I am dying." He did not say "I am dead." He cried out with his last words, "It is finished."

What was finished? Not His life as a Jew, but His sufferings and *His purpose,* as the Savior who had come to die that sinners might live. Elsewhere, and afterwards, He spoke of Himself as having "*died once,*" but who would now "live for evermore." Paul speaks in the same way of *the one sacrifice;* and when Paul wrote, Christ had been gone from earth *thirty years.* If Peter and other apostles had been sacrificing Jesus repeatedly, as the Romanists now claim to do, how can we account for Paul's ignorance of the fact? The ghoulish doctrine of the Catholic Eucharist is in deadly conflict with the plan of salvation, with New Testament evidence, with the practices of the early Christians, with the teachings of the Fathers, *and with the declarations of the "infallible Popes."*

That the early church knew nothing of the latter-day Eucharist, and that the Roman hierarchy did not adopt it until more than 1200 years after Christ, is abundantly shown in the Ecclesiastical histories. That "the Fathers" held no such belief, is to be seen in the writings of St. Ignatius, St. Cyril, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Facundus, &c.

That infallible popes have not considered that Christ, the man, and Christ, the God, were in the bread and wine, is shown by the fact that Gregory VII., on one occasion, *flung the consecrated elements into the fire,* where they were consumed. Would an infallible Papa have cast Christ into the flames? Could a man's body and a God's spirit have been thus disposed of? This Pope was called "the Great," and he died in the year 1085.

Innocent III. believed that "something of the bread and wine remains in the sacrament, to allay hunger and thirst." Such a statement would seem to imply that the Roman Catholics, *so late as the 12th century,* used a considerable amount of the bread and the wine, making it something of a supper in reality.

Pope Theodorus, in the year of our Lord 648, used some of the wine of the sacrament in signing his name to the excommunication of Pyrrhus; and the Council of Constantinople (A. D. 869) signed the condemnation of Photius with pens *dipped into the consecrated wine.*

Pope Gelasius in refuting the Eutychian heresy, wrote:

"The sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ which we receive are certainly a divine thing, and by them we are made partakers of the divine nature, *but yet the substances,* or *nature of bread and wine do not cease to be in them.* Indeed the *image and similitude* of the Body and Blood of Christ are celebrated in the mysterious action."

This Papa died in the year 496, and his church canonized him. He was the author of many treatises and was considered perfectly orthodox. This was nearly 500 years after the Lord's Supper was instituted, and the head of the Roman hierarchy knew nothing of transubstantiation. "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain," Pope Gelasius could and did say in all seriousness —not in flippant jests, as Luther heard the priests say when he went to Rome.

One more thought, and I am done with the Eucharist.

If the wine becomes Christ, how is it that Sacramental wine can be used to poison people?

Only a few weeks ago, a priest in this country came near losing his life because of poison in the consecrated chalice. As he began to drink "the blood," its peculiar taste aroused his suspicions *in time*. Pope Victor III. was not so fortunate. He was poisoned by the Eucharist. How could Jesus fully man and fully God do such a thing? The Emperor Henry VII. (Germany) was also poisoned in the sacrament. A few years ago, in Palermo, Italy, the chaplain of Countess Mazzarini, while celebrating mass, dropped dead, after drinking the consecrated wine. Some enemy resorted to this method to kill him.

In the Missal (Romish Mass Book) page 53, we find this ludicrous paragraph:

"If a priest vomit the Eucharist, and the species appear entire, he must piously swallow it again; but if a nausea prevent him, then let the consecrated species be cautiously separated, and put by him in some holy place *till they be corrupted,* and after that let them be cast into the holy ground; but if the species do not appear, the vomit must be burned, and the ashes thrown into holy ground."

How could a living Jesus and a living God "be corrupted?"

Memories

Henrietta Lisk

The rain falls drearily upon the night,
And through the open window comes the light
Elusive scent of roses drenched with dew.
But in its wake come memories of you
Who died that night.

Ah, dear, the rain falls on my heart,
From burning eyes the tears unbidden start.
Your absence seems a living, mocking, thing,
From which I strive in agony to wring
Forgetfulness and peace.

A Woman You Know

Eleanor H. Porter

WHEN the Kelseys were first married they lived on a farm two miles from their nearest neighbors. The haircloth chairs and rag carpet in the front room looked very grand to Sarah Kelsey then. It was not until two years later—when Jared was given a chance in his uncle's Boston wholesale house—that she realized there are such things in the world as red-plush upholstery and Nottingham lace curtains. Simultaneously with the knowledge came an overwhelming desire for possession.

Jared's salary was not large. It barely covered the rent of the cheap little flat in Roxbury and the necessary food and clothing for himself, wife and baby girl. Yet that Sarah should wish for something—and wish in vain—was torture to him.

"But how can we get them, sweetheart?" he demanded anxiously. "We haven't got the money!"

"Pooh! We don't need to have the money," she retorted. "Mrs. Morton didn't have it, either, an' she's got 'em. Instalment, you know—just a little bit a week."

"But isn't that—debt?" His voice was woeful, and his eyes were fixed with vague antagonism on a fluttering bit of white at the Morton windows across the street.

"Debt!" she scorned. "Now, Jared, *don't* be silly! Of course it isn't debt—exactly. It's all the store asks—so much a week. You wouldn't give them any more than they ask, would you?"

Before the month was out the red-plush furniture and the Nottingham lace curtains were installed in the little parlor of the Roxbury flat. Jared's noon luncheons grew more scanty and his cheeks less ruddy after that; moreover, his old suit was still worn to the store instead of the new one he had promised himself.

For a year Sarah reveled in her new possessions; but they were scarcely paid for before she realized that red plush and Nottingham did not, after all, represent the acme of one's desires—there were yet chairs of satin and gold-leaf and curtains of Irish point beyond. Incidentally she also discovered that the street four blocks nearer the park was much pleasanter to live in.

"But, Sarah, the rent is higher—lots higher," remonstrated Jared feebly; "and you say you've got to get new furnishings, too, if we go."

"Now, *dearie*," coaxed his wife, "don't you see? Aren't they giving you more pay at the store? Don't you earn more than you did?"

"Why, yes—a little; but——"

"There isn't any 'but' to it, my love. You earn more—you can live better; that follows without saying. The extra you get will more than cover the increase of rent; 'twill leave enough to get a few things besides. 'Tisn't much that I want; only a chair or two and some new curtains—these old things are only fit for the bedrooms. Really, I don't ask so *very* much—I should think you'd be willing to do a *little* for me!"

The Kelseys moved the first of May. It was a very pretty apartment into which they went. Jared thought so—what little he saw of it. His hours at home were shorter now, as he had fallen into the way of taking upon himself extra work for the evenings and for early mornings. The additional money which this brought was very convenient, inasmuch as the expenses of the new home had increased most unexpectedly. One considerable item was a maid to assist his wife in the

housework. All Mrs. Kelsey's new neighbors employed maids, so really this was quite necessary—Sarah said.

Mrs. Kelsey enjoyed her present surroundings very much. There was a handsome church on the corner which she promptly began to attend. To be sure, she went alone—her husband pleading weariness as an excuse to stay at home; and, after all, Sarah deemed it quite as well that he should take charge of two-year-old Dorothy; the maid did not like children very well.

Sometimes Jared hinted that a long day in the country would rest him as nothing else, but Sarah always frowned at this. She was distinctly shocked and said she could not countenance such laxity in any member of her household —the Sabbath day must be kept holy. She was grieved that he did not find it in his heart to attend church; but as for gadding about the country——!

Sarah's religion increased and developed very rapidly after this, that is, if her church life was any indication. There was a wonderfully delightful circle of ladies in the church, and as Sarah joined the Home Missionary Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, the Ladies' Aid and the Helping Hand Association, she soon made many acquaintances; and as she graciously accepted all opportunities for service in the way of committees, suppers, sociables and fairs, her new friends received her with particularly wide-open arms.

The minister, the deacons, their wives and their daughters called and called again. For a time Sarah was no little annoyed that her husband was never present on these occasions; but as the months passed, and she began to scrutinize him more closely, she came to dread, rather than to wish for, his coming when she had callers.

Not that she need to have feared—there was little chance of Jared Kelsey's meeting his wife's friends. His breakfasts—save on Sunday—were served by the maid in a chill, lonely dining-room long before his wife was awake. His luncheons were eaten down town, as were his dinners, since he had taken up evening work. He was usually late home, and if by chance he heard voices in the parlor he fled like a hunted creature to his room—or rather to Dorothy's. He always kissed Dorothy before he slept.

Sunday only was the danger point, and Sunday his wife was gone nearly all day—to church twice, to Sunday-school, and often to vespers or to mission meeting. There was little chance, indeed, of Jared's meeting his wife's friends. Yet Sarah was not quite pleased with what she saw.

"My dear," she began at breakfast one Sunday morning, "do you know you are actually looking shabby?"

Her husband started and flushed a little.

"Am I?" he asked. "Well—you don't see much of me," he finished nervously.

Mrs. Kelsey frowned.

"But I ought to—I'm your wife. Surely your wife is entitled to *some* of your society!"

"But I'm—busy."

"'Busy!' Jared, what kind of reasoning is that? That's no excuse for frayed linen and a shiny coat. I—I'm actually ashamed of you when folks see you, Jared—I am!"

The man across the table winced.

"But, Sarah, I—we—" He paused helplessly. "Folks don't see me," he finished with sudden bitterness.

"But they might," she insisted, "and just think how I'd feel? Now *won't* you get a new suit?"

A sharp retort rose to his tongue. His lips parted, then closed with a snap. Very gradually a softer light came into his eyes.

"Sarah, dear," he began huskily, "perhaps you don't think what you're asking. You know I—we—I have to be economical. This suit is all right for the present. I—I have other uses for my money."

Mrs. Kelsey's chin quivered, and her eyes overflowed.

"You—you're always preaching economy," she wailed, "just as if I was extravagant, when I don't have anything—not anything! And I do want such a lot of things that I've never hinted at—not a word! And now I get blamed, *blamed*, just because you will wear old clothes. And here's Dorothy growing up and she'll be seeing things and noticing things right away, and she'll be ashamed of us—ashamed of her father and ashamed of her mother. Oh, Jared, Jared, I never, never thought you'd be so cruel—so awful cruel!"

The man sprang to his feet and paced up and down the room. Sarah crying—and because of him. That was the one thing he could not endure. From the time away back in their school-days, when she had cried for his sponge and his slate-pencil, Sarah's tears had been all-potent. What a brute he was, to be sure!

"Sarah, Sarah, don't!" he begged. "I didn't mean—I didn't say—there, there, child, nobody blames you. Don't cry—there, there!" Her head was in his arms and he was patting and smoothing the yellow hair.

"And—and I'm not extravagant?" she faltered.

"No, no!"

"And—you don't blame me?"

"No, no, dear; of course not."

"I—I shouldn't think I ought to be scolded just because I—I wanted you to—to look good," she sobbed.

"Why, certainly not," soothed the man, and cursed himself again for a brute.

"I—I've got to have some new clothes, and—and Dorothy has, too. We're just in rags—both of us! But I'm not going to ask for them; you'll say I'm extravagant—you—you will!"

Jared's face paled and his lips twitched. Had it come to this? Was he indeed so cross and unreasonable that his wife dreaded to ask him for needful clothing?

"Of course you sha'n't ask me, dear," he began huskily. "You shall have them without asking. I—I'll have some money Saturday. Could you wait somehow till then, dear?"

His wife smiled through her tears and wiped her eyes on a bit of lace-edged muslin.

"There, now, it's all fixed and we won't cry any more," said Jared, with an attempt at playfulness. "And I'll tell you something, too, dear—something good! I think I am going to have a raise before long—it looks like it. Won't it be fine, if I do?"

"Oh, Jared, really?" cried Sarah, springing to her feet. "Then maybe we can go down to the beach this summer for just a teeny bit of a time. Dorothy does so need it, dear; she's actually looking thin and pale. I shall be so glad to get her out of the city this summer!"

In May the raise came, and in June they left for Winthrop Beach—that is, Sarah and her young daughter did. At first it had been planned that Jared should go, too, coming into town each morning for his work; but when Sarah began to look for boarding-places she could find nothing to suit her for the sum they had decided to pay, so she was obliged to take more expensive rooms. It was then that Jared concluded it would be too hard for him to run back and forth each day; besides, if he went, his evening work would have to be given up. Then, too, his breakfast and dinner would cost so much more than those he could pick up at a cheap little restaurant in town that it really was not worth while.

They were most fortunate in being able to let their Roxbury apartment, all furnished, for three months; consequently Sarah stayed at the beach all summer. Jared rented a hall-bedroom on Bullfinch Street, which was within easy walking distance of his wholesale

house; so even his carfare did not have to be reckoned now. It was only ten cents a day, to be sure, but it helped just so much on a luncheon—frequently even buying the whole of it. Jared was ashamed, sometimes, because he valued a nickel or a dime so highly. He felt cheap and mean, but—there were so many ways for his money!

His room on Bulfinch Street was small and rather stuffy, but after all it did not matter much—he was in it so little. There was the Common and the Public Garden for Sunday—when it did not rain.

It was during this summer that there were some important changes in the firm for which he worked. One of the partners died, and in the general shifting around which resulted therefrom Jared was given a very responsible position with a correspondingly large increase in salary.

Jared's uncle was a stern but eminently just man. He had kept a sharp eye on his nephew and had been more than pleased at his industry, faithfulness and trustworthiness. He was glad of the opportunity to give this special mark of commendation to one so deserving, and he congratulated Jared on the fact that it had come so early in his career.

Jared was dazed at his good fortune. It seemed almost unreal to him. For some reason—not quite clear to himself—he did not tell his wife at once. He would wait until she came home; it was already the middle of July, and he would see her in less than two months.

It was also during this summer that Jared first met Mr. Hollingsworth. John Hollingsworth had a little money and a great deal of unscrupulousness—there were those who hinted that the latter possession was speedily augmenting the former. Jared knew him as an agreeable, wonderfully friendly man who had a particularly wide knowledge of financial affairs. Indeed, the most of his conversation seemed to be on stocks, bonds and "the market." On Sundays Jared walked quite frequently with him in the Public Garden, and Hollingsworth always had a new story to tell of some friend who had made a "good thing" under his guidance.

Jared was fascinated. It seemed so easy a way to make money. He asked questions, all of which Hollingsworth obligingly answered, even going to some length to explain the mysterious process of "trading in stocks."

"I'll tell you what," Hollingsworth finally said one day in a burst of good-nature, "I'll let you in on my next deal. You shall see for yourself how it is—just a little matter of a hundred dollars, you know. You'll double your money in no time!"

Jared was overwhelmed at the man's generosity. It was indeed kind of him, and yet— He had the money—oh, yes; his increase in salary had given him an unusual surplus in the bank, and it was pay-day again soon. Yet, if he should lose—but he would not lose; and it was so good a chance—it were a pity, indeed, to let it slip!

Jared went in on the next deal, and in a wonderfully short time afterward received a check that represented a fabulously big interest on his investment. Jared was intoxicated with excitement and delight, and Hollingsworth very kindly consented to take an additional hundred of the young man's money for investment. Then Jared went down to Winthrop—it was the last Sunday in August—and gave his wife his budget of good news.

"Now we won't have to pinch so, dearie," he finished. "We'll take a little breathing spell, and I'll get acquainted with my family all over again."

"Oh, Jared—you old darling!" cried Sarah. "How perfectly lovely! Now we can take a house—and I've so wanted to!"

"A—house?"—Jared was plainly puzzled.

"Yes, yes, dear—all by ourselves—a nice big one with grounds, I mean. Apartments are so common, you know. Why, Jared, you've no idea how I've suffered. Seems as though almost every one of my friends in the church lives in a house, while I'm in a horrid flat!"

Jared's knees seemed to give out under him as he walked along the beach. He suddenly felt faint and sick. Suffered? His wife had suffered? And he—he had brought this about? He had made her live where she was unhappy? He, who had promised to cherish her so tenderly?

"But, Sarah," he moaned, "I can't buy a house—I can't, dear. Don't you understand? I'm not rich. It's only a salary—only a little bit more every month coming in."

His wife laughed merrily.

"You dear old stupid, of course we can't buy one—yet! But we can lease one, can't we?"

Lease one?—hire one?—of course! How dull he had been! His face cleared at once—after all, it was very easy to bring the sunshine into Jared's eyes if there were but Sarah's eyes from which to reflect it.

The Kelseys found a charmingly pretty house facing Franklin Park and not too far from Mrs. Kelsey's church. The rent was high, to be sure, but Sarah had quite set her heart upon this particular house, and, really, there was no other place that satisfied at all. Jared managed to meet the additional outlay without great difficulty, however, for there were some few expenditures for himself that he found he could postpone just as well.

The house was large and demanded the services of at least two maids—Sarah said. Outside there were shrubs, flowers and a beautiful lawn. This necessitated—again according to Sarah—the hiring of a man for two or three days a week through the summer. Jared tried to persuade her that he could attend to the matter himself, but she seemed so shocked and distressed at the idea of his doing "such day-laborer work," as she termed it, that he gave it up.

There was a neat little stable back of the house, and before September came Sarah proposed that they keep a horse and carriage. The man could stay all the time then, she said, and he would be so handy to have round for lots of little things. At first Jared demurred; but Sarah pleaded so piteously and argued that really it was a matter of economy to put the stable to some use instead of allowing it to rest idle on their hands, that he finally yielded—though he was a bit puzzled afterward to understand just wherein lay the force of her argument.

Jared saw a good deal of Hollingsworth these days. Much of Jared's spare cash was given at once into the man's keeping, Hollingsworth still kindly undertaking to "invest" it for him. From time to time Jared received a good-sized check with the announcement that it represented "profits." At such times he listened carefully to Hollingsworth's elaborate explanations, and scrutinized various papers and combinations of figures which, Hollingsworth said, gave an account of the "transactions." It was a bit puzzling, however, and Jared grew more and more content to leave all tiresome details to his very good friend, who—Jared was assured—deducted a trifling commission, and was thus paid for his trouble.

The Kelseys lived in the pretty house facing Franklin Park until Dorothy was eighteen; then two of Mrs. Kelsey's friends left Roxbury and moved to Brookline. Coincident with this came to Sarah the realization that she had a young lady daughter on her hands for whom it was most desirable to arrange a wealthy marriage; also that as a setting for ambitious and aspiring young womanhood, Roxbury was far inferior to some other suburb

of Boston—Brookline, for instance. For some days she pondered the matter; then she spoke.

"Jared, how long ago was it that you became a member of the firm?"

"Almost a year, Sarah. Why?"

"Nothing, only—I was thinking. Seems to me it is about time you were taking a place in the world worthy of your position."

"A place?—my position? My dear, what *do* you mean?"

"Why, Jared, don't you see? You're a business man—you've some standing—you're going to be rich! A cheap little rented house in Roxbury is no place for you!"

Jared laughed long and heartily.

"My dear girl, I'm perfectly satisfied. Don't let it worry you a bit. This is plenty good enough for any dignity I have yet!"

Mrs. Kelsey stirred uneasily.

"But, Jared, I should think you might have some pity on me! And there's Dorothy—what kind of a start are we giving her? She'd stand ever so much better chance in Brookline, dear; don't you see?"

Jared looked puzzled.

"But, Sarah," he demurred, "it is pretty, here—neat, respectable, good neighborhood, fine air——"

"My *dear!*" scorned Sarah, "what's respectability and air when the whole future welfare of our daughter is at stake? If *you* have no conception of what is fitting, thank goodness, *I* have! I tell you, my dear, we've just got to go and live in a more aristocratic neighborhood—and at once, too!"

"Why, of course, Sarah, you know best; but——"

"There, there, I knew your good judgment would conquer in the end," exulted Sarah. "Of course you want to do what is best for Dorothy. We'll go to Brookline right away."

And to Brookline they prepared at once to move.

As a member of the firm Jared's monthly income had increased. By degrees he had accumulated some property in the shape of stocks and bonds over and above the "investments" in Hollingsworth's hands. He was very glad of all this when Sarah told him one day that she had decided that they ought to buy their house in Brookline—it gave one more character and dignity to be the owner of one's residence, she said. Still, the price of the only house that Sarah liked was so high that even to pay a quarter of it took all the stocks and bonds, besides calling on Hollingsworth for a part of the money in his possession.

Hollingsworth, too, showed no little annoyance, which disturbed Jared a great deal. Jared felt that his friend had been far too kind to be troubled now with having to withdraw investments and change plans at an inopportune time, just to accommodate him; and yet, Jared could see no other way, and it had to be done. The Brookline house was bought—part of its price being paid in cash and a mortgage being given for the balance—and the family moved in rejoicing—Sarah and Dorothy rejoicing because of the house, and Jared because of them.

Months passed. Jared went earlier to business and stayed later. He fell into his old habits of remaining in town now and then for an evening, too. His hair grew whiter around the temples, and his lips settled into unsmiling lines. There was a troubled look in the depths of his eyes and a loss of elasticity in his step. Day by day he found himself thinking longingly of the old farm back in New Hampshire, and of the restful quiet there when the sun dropped behind the hills in the west.

The buying of the Brookline house sorely crippled Jared financially. His income was hardly sufficient to cover the monthly expenses—increased to maintain the dignity of the new home. Sarah did not cry for things now—she

was long past that. If a wish of hers met with a faint resistance she always had at her command a few cold words of sarcasm and a cutting reference to what was "due" his daughter and his wife.

Into his dealings with Hollingsworth there had come a new note. The man talked now of "unexpected declines," and "unprecendented depreciation of values." He constantly called for "more margin" under threat of entire loss of the principal if this same margin were not forthcoming.

Jared was nearly crazed with the thought of it. Should he lose what Hollingsworth held, and forfeit the chance of once more receiving those wondrous checks of "profits," where, indeed, could he turn?

Then came the beginning of the end.

Large sums of the firm's money passed through Jared's hands. It was a simple matter—as Hollingsworth put it—so to "fix" the accounts that a small portion of that money could be used privately without detection. It would be only a loan, and would do so much; and it could so easily be repaid.

The first — borrowing — was hard. Jared did not sleep for two nights, and even his wife noticed his altered looks. The second borrowing was easier—the first had been repaid within an encouragingly short time. The third borrowing was easier still—and larger. This last was not so fortunate in its results. There came an unforeseen "slump," Hollingsworth said. He prophesied sure ruin if a large sum of money were not in his hands at once. It would mean the loss of all Jared s holdings, and disgrace—as the "borrowing" must then become known.

For the last time Jared borrowed—then came the crash.

Hours afterward the world read this in the newspapers:

"Great sympathy is felt for the beautiful wife of Kelsey, the embezzler. She is known to be a deeply religious, cultured gentlewoman, prominent in society, church and philanthropic work of all kinds. The conduct of her husband is a great blow to her. It is indeed a pity that the innocent are so often made to suffer for the deeds of the guilty."

Plentitude

Ralph M. Thomson

As in the now, through the afterwhile,
I only ask the heart-light of your smile
Shall beam an inspiration, dear, upon
The pathless ways it may be mine to run,
And fill me,
Thrill me,
When all toil is done.

And as each weary day, enfeebled, dies,
I only pray the soul-shine of your eyes
Shall twinkle tenderness above the loam
It may be mine in unborn years to roam,
And lead me,
Speed me,
Through the darkness—Home!

The Pitiful Plight of American Preachers

From Current Literature for October

"THERE are a hundred times as many automobiles as there were ten years ago; wages have gone up; beef has gone up; flour has gone up; rent is higher; milk is dearer; but the dead level of ministerial poverty abideth forever." So Dr. Thomas E. Green declares in a widely discussed article in *Hampton's Magazine*. That "something is wrong" in the religious world he holds is self-evident. What is it?

One of the chief things that is wrong, in Dr. Green's estimation, is unbusinesslike management of the churches. We tolerate, in church administration, he remarks, a waste and an over-lapping that in education, business or politics would be branded as foolish or suicidal. He cites the case of a hypothetical minister, the Rev. Charles Wesley Bradley, pastor of a Methodist church in a thriving Wisconsin town of twenty-seven hundred inhabitants which he calls Cedarville. Mr. Bradley's congregation allows him for his services $800 a year—that is, they promise him $800. Generally the quarterly payments are in arrears. The town of Cedarville supports thirteen religious organizations, namely: Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Disciple, United Brethren, Adventist, Friends, Christian Science, Spiritualist, Episcopalian.

"Of these, eleven have church buildings. The Presbyterians and the Methodists are the strongest, each scheduling 325 members, good, bad and indifferent. (Church statistics, by the way, are notoriously elastic, and are seldom revised. Additions are always enthusiastically enumerated, while losses are generally disregarded. Church members, from the viewpoint of tabulation, never resign—and seldom die.)

"In this town the weakest sect is the Christian Scientists, who number only 25. Of the others, the Reformed Presbyterians have 140, the Congregationalists an even 100. Of the rest, none has more than 60.

"To the ministers the largest churches pay $2,000 and $1,500 respectively, the others from $900 down to $200. One pays $700, three pay $500 each, and one pays $300.

"Of the church buildings the cost varies from $1,000 for the poorest to $15,000 for the best. Two of the denominations have no church buildings, but conduct their services in homes or in halls.

"The total salary list aggregates $8,100, the expense account aside from salary $2,300.

"The contributing strength of the town under all this pressure of multiple appeals is therefore $10,400, and this is divided unevenly between thirteen organizations. Of the eleven resident ministers, nine are facing the actual problem of existence, of making ends meet in the struggle of daily life. Side by side with the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley and his over-burdened, discouraged wife, they are a part of the Tragedy of the Ministry."

Periodically the question of the minister's salary becomes acute, and Mr. Bradley's board of directors hold meetings to consider ways and means of making up the deficit. When the relief comes and he is paid his back salary, he seems to be receiving a present. He is expected to be grateful, and to show his appreciation, by working a little harder than before. "To be sure," comments Dr. Green, "he is grateful. The

matter of arrears in salary is in a constantly acute stage in the privacy of the minister's family." His wife, who is the business manager of the household, never rests from her responsibility of paying old bills. At forty she looks back on what seems a long life of poverty as hopeless as it was pathetic; a poverty that must hide its face behind a pretence of comfort and contentment, and that must contrive somehow to live up to the requirements of gentility demanded by a clergyman's social position. "The family must dress neatly, the children must be educated, the home must be attractive to visitors, there must always be room at table for a chance guest. The problem of maintaining the standard on a small income paid at uncertain intervals keeps the minister's wife in a state of nervous tension, hardly ever relaxed. Sometimes her tired nerves give way in a fit of temporary rebellion." The article continues:

"For the position of pastor in a church we demand a man of education and natural gifts, of refinement, of literary culture, to say nothing of religious fervor and personal piety. We expect him to give all of his time to the labors of his calling, to conduct public worship, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to instruct the young, to train the choir, to steer the various societies in peace through the troubled waters of factional cliques and social jealousy.

"We expect him to organize all sorts and kinds of attractive and alluring activities; to enter successfully into cheap rivalry with lunch counters and restaurants in the guise of church suppers and chicken dinners; to conduct fairs and sales and all other outrageous folderols of ecclesiastical merchandising.

"And then, while the wage of skilled physical labor has increased forty per cent. in the last ten years, we hold the preacher down to the old price, or under, and tell him he ought to expect sacrifice and denial, because he is 'a man of God!'"

If it be objected that the case cited is exceptional and that most ministers are in a better condition than that of the Rev. Charles Wesley Bradley, Dr. Green replies: On the contrary, most ministers are in a worse condition. He asks us to examine the matter of clergymen's salaries:

"In the year 1909 there were in the state of Wisconsin one hundred and sixty-six ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they received an average salary of $775. In the Milwaukee district, with thirty-six ministers, the average was $866. Counting three hundred working days to the year —and the minister works three hundred and sixty-five, and then some—these ministers averaged $2.25 a day. An average bricklayer makes $5 a day.

"In the Presbyterian churches of the entire country there were last year twenty-five hundred ministers who received as much as $1,000 salary. The other five thousand pastors averaged $600—less by much than masons or carpenters.

"The average of all Christian ministers in the United States, taking no account of negro ministers or congregations, is $663 a year. In some of the smaller denominations the salaries are pitiful. The Congregational Methodists have three hundred and twenty-four ministers, who average only $111 a year. The Separate Baptists average only $121.

"Ministers in the great Baptist Church in the states south of the Ohio River, the section where it is strongest, average only $367 a year.

"The Unitarians average the highest —$1,653 year; but their churches are comparatively few and are confined to the larger towns and cities of New England and the Middle West.

"The Reverend Charles Wesley Brad-

ley is far in advance of the average of his profession. He has $800—promised at least—as against an average of $663. And yet, here is a man of culture and refinement, a man of intellectual parts far above the average, given to a profession presumably the highest and most sacred in human activity, here is this man up against the very problem of living."

The condition of foreign missionaries, Dr. Green argues, is actually more secure than that of pastors at home. In Cedarville, the Reverend Mr. Bradley gets $800 a year and a house, say $1,000 in all. That is, he is supposed to get $1,000, but the money is not always forthcoming. In the foreign field "he would have been paid at least $1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity." He could "have three or four quick, industrious, obedient servants, his own conveyance, a comfortable, not to say commodious dwelling, and a position of social eminence."

"In addition to his income there is frequently a salary paid his wife. The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner. If the missionary's wife teaches or nurses or helps with the Gospel work, she is paid for it—as she should be, of course. The missionary's wife does not even have the drudgery of taking care of her babies. For every baby that arrives the family income enables her to employ a patient, efficient, silent-footed, restful servant.

"And there is no peril any more in the work of a missionary, if he be content to be simply a missionary. Let him keep clear of politics and avoid the ever-present temptations of mixing in with the grasping avarice and dishonesty of business promotion and he is as safe in Japan, in India, in equatorial Africa as he is in Wisconsin. . . .

"The average young minister comes from a theological seminary. He has a 'call' to a fair parish at a promised salary of $1,000. If he be of any sort of prudent frame of mind, he is afraid to marry, for fear of the children, whose coming he dare not prevent, but each of whom means an additional unit in the solution of his sum in short division. In India or in Japan the babies, as we have said, may come as they will.

"In the ministry, you see, conditions have been reversed. The life of sacrifice and denial is here at home; the life of comfort and comparative ease is in the foreign field."

It may be urged that a clergyman voluntarily assumes a life of sacrifice and denial when he enters the ministry. To this "sentimental point of view" Dr. Green makes rejoinder: "There may have been times and places when this attitude was justified, but certainly not in the United States and in the twentieth century. In heathen lands and in the vicarious work a man undertakes by voluntary choice, such as settlement work amid the festering foreign congestion of our great cities it may be true; but why should it be in the average prosperous town in the United States?" The argument proceeds:

"Increasingly the intelligent, thoughtful, religious young man is turning his back on the profession of clergyman and seeking other means of serving God and humanity.

"The proposition of pastorless churches is constantly increasing. On January 1, 1911, one denomination in its annual convention reported one thousand vacant charges and eight hundred and eighty-seven closed churches.

"In 1906 the Baptists had 6,302 more church buildings than ministers, the Lutherans 3,353, the Presbyterians 2,855, while the Methodists of various sorts had 20,253. In a single state last

year twenty-three ministers resigned their pulpits and went into the life insurance business, because they actually could not make a living in the ministry.

"I know I am skating on thin ice just now, but it is a healthful thing occasionally to summon your courage and stand face to face with fact. Since I wrote the last word I have gone through my morning paper. Within easy reach of me three ministers have resigned within twenty-four hours. One is from a large city church; he resigned because he says he is a theologian and not a banker, and refuses therefore to attempt the financial conduct of what is at best a precarious institution. Of the others, one has absolutely resigned and gone into business for the sake of a living, and the other refuses to preach what he no longer believes."

Dr. Green writes, he tells us, from the standpoint of one who believes, with Plutarch, that religion—a religion—is necessary for the well-being of humanity. "No one will dispute the fact," he thinks, "that from at least our viewpoint, Christianity is the highest in ideals and accomplishment of all the world religions. No one will dispute the fact, apparent on every hand, that the present condition of organized American Christianity is neither satisfactory nor promising." He concludes:

"The people of America are still a Christian people. When Christianity expresses itself through a church which answers the people's needs, they will support that church, just as at present they support foreign missions, social settlements, hospitals, humane institutions of every kind. They are waiting for the church of the future. Whatever that church will be, it will eliminate the narrowness of denominationalism.

"The people are waiting for church unity, but not as the term is generally used.

"No one will venture for a moment to believe this was once the inspiration during generations of doctrinal discussion and dogmatic warfare, that any one of the existing denominations will be the ultimate form to which all others will come. That kind of church unity, long indulged in by visionary enthusiasts, is merely an 'iridescent dream.'

"The practical proposition is a combination by elimination, the seeking of a common ground, framed by the fundamental syllables of common belief."

The Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati) concedes the truth of much of Dr. Green's indictment. "The average Methodist preacher," it says, "is underpaid, and the Christian Church stands under the shadow of a continual criticism that her servants do not receive a compensation commensurate with the labor and sacrifice freely bestowed by these men of God." If Dr. Green had confined his statements of the case to the home field, his article would probably have drawn forth no particular criticism. "But when the writer ventures to enter the foreign field and dilate on the ease and comfort indulged by the foreign missionary, and charge the missionary societies with gross incompetence and censurable extravagence, he lays himself open to justifiable attack." In the same spirit, the Boston *Congregationalist* comments:

"The article is a curious mixture of good sense, misleading assertions and specious argumentation. . . . Our author overdraws the picture of the average missionary's environment to-day. He does have servants, to be sure, in India, China and Japan, and he is reasonably well compensated, to the credit of his supporters be it said, though salaries, instead of averaging $1,500 and upwards, as Dr. Green asserts, as a rule do not reach two-thirds that sum; some provision is usually made for his children and for his old age, but any one who sees the missionaries as they come

and go on furlough, or who visits them in Japan, China, India or elsewhere, realizes that as a body of persons they spend on themselves only that which is essential for the maintenance of physical and mental vigor. . . . If we should pick out at random a hundred missionaries and a hundred pastors at home, we believe the average of contentment and hopefulness in the former group would far exceed that of the latter. And one reason would be that they have a freer and a larger field. We cannot make the service of Christ in the ministry anywhere in the world to-day an easy task, and we would not if we could; but much can be done and ought to be done speedily to remove handicaps that impede the progress of Christianity here at home, and which make the life of Christ's ambassadors unnecessarily burdensome."

Inspiration

Isabel S. Mason

Beside an altar in the wood
I made a wayside sacrament.
All lonely and alone, I stood.
A hungering heart with yearning rent.

And as upon that tree-hung shrine
My altar fire burned its glow
I heard the Voice, the Voice divine
Aflame with songs of long ago.

Such songs the Mystic Nine once sang
Unto Apollo's golden note.
With vibrant chord the echoes rang
From Pan's wild piping far afloat.

And oh, the sad, inspired strain
Of love impassioned, came to me.
That lyric Orpheus smote from Pain.
His heart-break for Euridice.

Long loitered I, until the stars
Of evening bloomed the sapphire height.
Soft grew the music—and afar
I heard the whispered step of night.

Then down Olympia's Visioned Hill
I passed into the gloom beyond;
Soul-ravished by the music's thrill
That played for me—a vagabond.

Campaigning With Lee's Cavalry

PART II

Col. G. N. Saussy

Chapter II

Major General Wade Hampton, on the Death of General J. E. B. Stuart, Assumes Command of the Cavalry Corps of Lee's Army

THE death of Stuart necessitated a new commander for the cavalry corps. Major General Wade Hampton being the senior general officer of that arm of the service, and whose achievements in the past gave ample security for ability in the future, won for him this distinguished position.

Upon abler shoulders the mantle of Stuart could not have fallen. Though not bred to arms as had been Stuart, Wheeler and the junior Lees, like Forrest and Morgan, he had a natural aptitude for cavalry service. He was inferior to Stuart in nothing and superior to him in the breadth and scope of his military vision and much less excitable under severe strain.

The law of the land holds the accused guiltless until evidence convicts of the crime alleged. So General Hampton considered every soldier who conscientiously performed his duty, a gentleman and a patriot, regardless of the station in life that he occupied prior to his enlistment, and carefully received any complaint, investigated, and if possible corrected any grievance, without weighing the former social position of the complainant. He was approachable alike by private or officers, and this characteristic won for him the ardent love of his men. Whereever duty required, he called on his troopers *to follow*, not *to lead* him. The writer does not believe any other general officer barring only the great Virginian, more truly held the love and devotion of his men, than did this gallant South Carolinian.

When General Hampton came to the command of the cavalry corps, Lee's army was well into the terrible "Wilderness" campaign. General Lee had called "check!" both in "the Wilderness" and at Spottsylvania, and Grant asking that the country be scooped for recruits and reinforcements and these be forwarded to him as rapidly as possible, concluded that request with the memorable message, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Whether this was a humorism or a sarcasm, the deponent knoweth not, but the great federal captain *did not long place* a literal construction upon his promise, for by the 22nd of May he became satisfied he was really butting his head against a stone wall with but little promise of demolishing the rock fence. In the inception of this campaign General Grant remarked to William Swinton, later the graphic historian of the Potomac army: "It has been my experience that though the Southerners fight deseprately at first, yet when we hang on for a day or two we whip them awfully." Did Grant realize the fruits of his boast? Three days at Spottsylvania convinced him, as Napoleon had said of Valencia, that Lee's army "could not be taken by the collar."

There came, therefore, but one alternative: another effort must be made to steal a night's march around Lee's right flank. To the keen eyes of Lee's scouts, these burglaries, these attempted

thefts by silent night-marches—in some way would reveal the effort and General Lee would put the famous foot-cavalry *en route* and the consequence—the Army of Northern Virginia became an animated ghost to rise suddenly in the face of the flanking and burglarious federal army.

Soon after the assumption of command of the cavalry corps by General Hampton, certain indications pointed to a third attempt on the part of General Grant to reach for General Lee's extreme right. The reader must recall the great disparity of forces of the two armies. Alertness and energy of General Lee must act as the strength of a full army corps. General Hampton was therefore directed to ascertain by actual proofs the intention of Grant for another flank movement.

Sheridan had, after his failure upon Richmond, again connected with the Potomac Army and on the 25th of May extended Meade's left as far as Chesterfield in the North Anna. On the next day he further extended toward Hanover Junction, and on the 27th he crossed to the south bank of the Pamunkey river and the day following part of Meade's infantry followed. It was of vital importance to General Lee to confirm this movement, and Hampton was directed to ascertain beyond a doubt, the actual conditions.

In pursuance of these instructions, on the 28th he moved beyond General Lee's right with Rooney Lee's division, Wickham's brigade of Fitz Lee's and Rosser's and part of Butler's brigade of his own old division. Sheridan was also in motion, bent on the mission of locating Lee's infantry. Soon the advance of the two opposing commands collided. Hampton promptly drove the blue horsemen back upon their main column, which he vigorously attacked with Wickham's and Rosser's and two regiments of Butler's brigades, while Rooney Lee was directed upon a road leading around the federal right—the latter proving abortive, for Rooney could use only his artillery, and cover Rosser's left. Gregg's second division composing Sheridan's front line, gave ground until reinforced by Torbett's first division, where, with the aforesaid infantry, the federal force was able to maintain its position. This engagement, known in the cavalry annals of both armies as the affair at Hawe's Shop, lasted from 10 a. m. until 5 in the afternoon, and is recorded by both sides as a very stubborn and bloody action.

The two regiments of Butler's brigade, the Fourth and Fifth South Carolina cavalry, were new arrivals in Virginia, supplanting the veteran First and Second South Carolina, which had been much depleted by two years of strenuous and almost continuous campaigning. This was the baptism of fire initiating these two new regiments into the bloody mysteries of actual war. Both suffered heavily in this encounter, dimming the lustre of their initiation with rich libations of palmetto blood.

Prisoners of Grant's infantry confirmed the movement to Grant's left. Thence came the change of battle-ground again, each army gravitating south-easterly until they reached the historic field of Cold Harbor.

In the affair at Hawe's Shop, Hampton so correctly developed the enemy's position, he sent a dispatch to General Early, the nearest infantry command, suggesting he move his division toward Old Church, then turn to his left, he would take the enemy's force in reverse. General Early demurred. Later developments proved Hampton's proposition feasible, but again that intrusive "IF."

On May 30th, General M. C. Butler with part of Gary's brigade attacked the left of the federal army at Matadequin creek. The enemy, strongly posted, was first driven from his posi-

tion, but reinforcements arrived in time to send Butler over the back-track. On the 31st Rooney Lee had a tart skirmish with Wilson's Third Federal division, and yielded ground in the direction of Ashland. Hampton personally led three of Rosser's regiments against Wilson and threw his column into considerable confusion. Rosser followed up Hampton's manoeuvre with splendid mounted charges, driving Wilson into Ashland, exacting many prisoners representing delegations from eight different regiments, also taking two hundred horses and a considerable quantity of small arms. Wilson secured a strong position for his artillery in Ashland—his men covered by the building and the railroad embankment. The North Carolina brigade was dismounted and vigorously attacked Wilson, but failed to dislodge him until Hampton, leading a regiment and two squadrons, delivered a crushing stroke upon the Federal flank, sent Wilson with a rush toward his infantry. Night alone stopped the hot pursuit.

In congratulating General Hampton for this brilliant feat, General Lee expressed his gratification at the handsome conduct of Rosser's command and thanked them for so gallantly defeating the enemy.

On the memorable 3rd of June, Hampton turned backward for a reconnoissance toward the scene of his encounter with Sheridan on May 28th, and found the federal infantry entrenched at Hawe's Shop. Dismounting the North Carolina brigade under Baker, he sent them at the trenches and in gallant style drove the blue soldiers out of them, back to an interior line. The 3rd of June is blazoned upon the starry cross of Lee's army with a burnish that time nor comparison can never tarnish. The splendor of Second Cold Harbor must forever take front rank in martial glory. John Esten Cooke likens the two armies and their leaders to the *Hammer* and the *Rapier*, one for its dense and heavy blows, the other for its dexterity and skill in repelling the massive attacks of its antagonist. Swinton states this battle was less than an hour in actual time. Fourteen furious assaults were made upon the thin but elastic gray line. The steadiness of nerve and accuracy of eye of those gaunt but veteran Southern riflemen, exacted the bloodiest toll in that brief space of time, recorded in the more than *twenty-two hundred* armed collisions that occurred during the four years of battle and carnage.

Nearly 15,000 bloody blue victims were sacrificed upon the sanguinary altar of Mars; while Grant inflictetd a loss of less than 1,700 upon Lee's forces. Swinton thus concludes his account of Second Cold Harbor: "It took hardly more than ten minutets of the figment men call *time*, to decide the battle. There was along the whole line a rush, the spectacle of impregnable works, a bloody loss, a sullen falling back and the action was decided.

"The action was decided, as I have said, in an incredible brief time in the morning's assaults. But rapidly as the result was reached, it was decisive, for the consciousness of every man pronounced further assault hopeless. The troops went forward as far as the examples of the officers could carry them, nor was it possible to urge them beyond, for there they knew ley only *death without exen the chance of outcry*. * * *

"Grant's loss in the series of actions from 'the Wilderness' to the Chickanomony reached the enormous aggregate of sixty thousand men put *hors de combat*, a number greater than the entire strength of Lee's army at the opening of the campaign. * * The Confederates, elated at the skillful manner in which they had constantly been thrust between Richmond and the

Union army, and conscious of the terrible price in blood they had exacted from the latter, were in high spirits and the morale of Lee's army was never better than after the battle of Cold Harbor. * * * Now so gloomy was the military outlook and to such a degree, by consequence, had the moral spring of the public mind become relaxed, that there was at this time great danger of a collaps of the war. The history of the conflict *truthfully written* will show this. Had not success come elsewhere to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to raise new forces to recruit the army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, *was the army of the Potomac no more.*"

Fitz Lee, in the Life of General R. E. Lee, tells us so reduced was the commissiariat of the Confederate storehouse at the time of Second Cold Harbor, but *three crackers a day* was issued to each soldier. You, who in the present age of peace and plenty, clothed in your fine linen and purple, and whose tables groan under the sumptuous menus of the present day, think of those gaunt gray soldiers, on the march, in the trenches, out on the battle line or charging, inspired by the mighty sound of that yell, "which no man ever yet heard unmoved upon the field of battle," and contrast the price glory ever exacts.

A Tramp Through the Big Stone Gap Country

Josiah H. Combs

WE had conceived the wild design some time before we could execute it—Byron and I.

"Trip it on the light fantastic toe" from Jackson, Kentucky, to Big Stone Gap, Virginia! Yes, we did it, and then retraced our steps. It was towards the latter part of August, when I met Byron at the station, in Breathitt's capital.

We did not take the pains to immediately board another train in that tranquil little town, for the simple reason that there was none to board, east of Jackson. "So we were left tramping, Byron and I, past mart and past hovel, not a cloud in the sky."

A few miles brought us to Troublesome Creek—a name with which the irony of fate has played its part. On this creek our tramp was constantly impeded because of Byron's anxiety to stop and construct forests from a single leaf, and seas from a single sparkling drop of the mountain stream—in his sweep of poetic vision.

Toward evening we stopped at the house" of a mountaineer and asked if we could "stay all night." The sign was good, and we passed in for the night.

On the morrow morning, at the breakfast table Byron was completely *non plussed* and disarmed, when the mountaineer's "better half" asked him if he "tuk long-sweetenin' or short-sweetenin' in his coffee." Thinking he would come a better deal thereby, Byron called for "long-sweetenin'," and was completely dumbfounded when a great stream of molasses was poured into his cup!

We made our way on up Troublesome. The further we went, the more were we impressed with the fact that Fate had blundered at least once in the matter of fluvial nomenclature—especially so if she had reference to the to-

pography of Troublesome Creek. On this second day as we were reveling in our *wanderlust*, we suddenly came face to face with a dense growth of laurel and pines in the road. Two great rocks depended from the lower side, overlooking Troublesome Creek. As we rested ourselves upon one of these rocks, I made the remark, mechanically, that there was a probability that Daniel Boone had once passed down that very stream in his efforts to open up a path through the great wilderness. Whereupon Byron immediately fingered in his pocket and pulled out a "Daniel Boone Cigar" and lighted it. I held his head over the rock, and as soon as he could stand alone, pulled out a "Yaller Dog," myself, which was more in keeping with the surroundings; whereat Byron wondered at the ease with which I navigated. Many more things on Troublesome interested Byron, especially "laundry day" in the Kentucky mountains, where the "battling-stick" was swung to and fro with much vigor; where "hollers" with such peculiar names ran into Troublesome on both sides; where so many wire foot-bridges spanned the streams. The second day found us at Hindman—forty-five miles from Jackson. So far we had eschewed any idea of riding horseback or in a "jolt-wagon."

However, shortly before reaching Hindman, we encountered in the road a half-blind mountaineer, like unto a troubadour recounting the deeds of the famous Poland. He at once began an interesting discourse on the science of moonshining. We could not choose but hear. He tacked on his peroration by informing us that about two miles up the creek some "rats" were selling moonshine—in a grave-yard! Byron believed he was listening to a fairy tale, until I nudged him, at the same time explaining to him that a "rat" was a "shiner," selling moonshine on the "Q. T."

At Hindman it was necessary that Byron recuperate, after the visit to the "graveyard," and regain his strength. So we stayed there a few days, preparatory to our dash for the famous gap over the Virginia line—some fifty or sixty miles away. While at Hindman Byron advanced the theory that the Kentucky mountaineer's great height is accounted for by the fact that he is compelled, so often, to lift his head so high to greet the morning sun. One night—after midnight—we were listening to a young mountaineer as he sang ballads. Byron had just fallen asleep. Soon he was awakened from his siesta by a sad, doleful noise, and looking up beheld the balladist blowing off tune after tune on a fine comb! The dulcimer and bag-pipe had been gone one better.

Shortly before the first of September we donned our khaki uniforms and set out in mad quest of the Gap. Now, when John Fox, Jr., said that the mountaineer's idea of distance is vague, very vague, he sounded the depth of a profound truth. For instance, we would ask how far it was to so-and-so's house. One man would say, "Wal, I reckon hit's about the rise o' five or six miles." After going two or three miles, another man would tell us, "O, six or eight miles, I reckon" Invariably, the "reckonings" of our informers were at wide variance. So it was, we began to "reckon" for ourselves, and the first night after leaving Hindman, found ourselves on Rock-House Creek. We called to stay all night, and were told to come in. Meanwhile, we had prepared our repertoire, and were counting on giving an entertainment all along our itinerary, as a supplement to our financial embarrassment. We were seated. Suddenly the mountaineer broke forth: "They come two men through here a few days ago, walkin' around the world, and not payin' a cent fer it. If they'd stopped here, they'd a-paid, now I'll tell ye." Byron looked around at me with a questioning gaze, which said, "Will they all be that way?" We went

out in the yard to wash our hands. (Nearly all mountaineers have their lavatories out on the parch, in the yard, or at the "branch.") Byron observed an oak block, about two feet and a half in height, with an inverted, conical-shaped hole in the top, an auger hole down on the side of the block, and a wooden peg on top. "What's that?" said Byron. I explained that it was the lavatory. Our initial performance was pulled off that night, to an appreciative audience; however, before making our departure the next morning, it was necessary to transact a little business matter with the incorrigible proprietor of the "mead-hall."

On and on we tramped, from Rock House to Little Carr. On Little Carr we found a dulcimer and purchased it —reminiscent fetish of the days when balladry was at its zenith in England and Scotland. Long before night we were at Whitesburg, Letcher County, and could see in the distance a bluish outline of Laurel or Pine Mountain. Pointing towards it, and assuming a Napoleonic pose I said, "Byron, there shall be no Pine Mountain." Well, in reality, it did seem that there should be no Pine Mountain for us, for, go as far as we liked—there lay the leviathan-like mass before us, always as far away as when we first saw it. However, toward evening, we came face to face with the foot of the mountain, and met with the encouraging news that it was only six or seven miles across! Byron again became dizzy in the "coco" and complained of a drawback in one of his pedal extremities. But I comforted him by reminding him that beyond that mountain—and another one—lay Virginia! Well, we crossed the "cis-Alpine" side before dark, and the "trans-Alpine" side after dark! The road lay in such a serpentine path that we took the mountaineer's "nigh-cut" whenever it was possible, and experienced the novelty of stepping right down from zig to zag. The mountaineer sometimes calls it Laurel Mountain because it is covered all over with laurel, or more properly, rhododendron, which the mountaineer calls laurel.

At the foot of the mountain our repertoire was carried out to the letter, where we stayed all night and listened to "hard-shell" and "soft-shell" Baptist songs. This is the famous "Cumberlands," a tract situated between Pine Mountain and Big Black or Cumberland Mountains—long famed for moonshine and vendettas. At the breakfast table the next morning a mountain Baptist minister called on Byron to "wait on the table." Helpless, he looked toward me. I nudged him, put my hand to my mouth, and whispered, "return thanks!" The *tischgebet* affair was soon settled and we set out—this time for Big Black Mountain. It was only two miles distant. A huge body of fog was resting, complacently, midway up the mountain-side, in the full glow of a fine morning sun. And—

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Spreads from the vale and midway leaves the storm—
Tho' round its crest the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

At the foot of the mountain Byron said to a mountaineer, "How far is it over this mountain?" Without seeming to notice us, without turning his head, without stopping, the response came: "Nine miles." Byron again complained with a sore foot. By dinner time we were on the summit of the mountain, at the "hotel," tired and worn out, inasmuch as our repertoire was due just after dinner. The top of this mountain is the Kentucky-Virginia line, and was formerly the scene of much trouble for revenue men. The little boxed building is right on the line, half of it on one side, the other half on the other side. During the

"bad days" the "rat" would sell whiskey to a Kentuckian in the Virginia end of the house, and to a Virginian in the Kentucky end. Our entertainment on top of Big Black Mountain may have been a success, but you can't prove it by us—because after each number had been rendered there was a stoical silence and unconcern on the part of our audience, which made us feel a little uneasy. Our humorous stunts brought no applause, and we usually had to do the laughing ourselves.

We left the mountain, and started down Preacher Creek, Va. We never found out why it was called Preacher Creek. It is too barren to produce anything but coke ovens, a number of which we saw at Stonega. At this town Byron called to a woman and asked what time they had supper in Virginia. (Our watches were much behind Eastern time). She cried back to us, "Any time we git ready, I reckon." We "reckoned" she was very impertinent and took our way—"counting railroad ties"—for we eschewed all means of transportation, save "taking our feet in our hands."

Toward night we reached Appalachia, a thriving little town. Going into the best looking hotel we could find, we brushed aside the customers and called to see the proprietor. But it was Saturday night, you know, and all the rooms were full. So our repertoire was saved over until the next night. We vowed we would not pay a hotel bill, and began again to count ties through the night. We crossed trestles, clambered through dense thickets, crawled over boulders, and passed through tunnels. At about midnight we passed through what is said to be the shortest tunnel in the world—between Appalachia and Big Stone Gap. It runs through a big boulder. By this time Byron was sleepy, so we began to search for a suitable place to sleep—no houses were in sight. As we buffeted the darkness, suddenly something loomed up before us—something that bore a striking resemblance to a line of huge hogsheads. "I've got it," said I to Byron, "we'll just crawl into one of these barrels for this night." We crawled over an embankment and fell over against a huge bale of wire! Finally we crawled upon a great boulder, "wrapped the drapery of our couch about us, and lay down to *pleasant* dreams." How long we slumbered I hardly know—only this, that I was awakened by the strains of a mouth organ, looked around, and there was Byron, sitting up, and playing "Home, Sweet Home." It was 2 o'clock, A. M. So we arose, paid for our bed, and continued our pedestrian ramble. Soon we saw the glare of electric lights in the distance, and concluded it must be some town.

The experiences of the past night were forgotten, for the time being, for we were now actually in Big Stone Gap, having come through the Gap the preceding night, without knowing it. Yes, the rendezvous of the "Knight of the Cumberland," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Purple Rhododendron," it was about the Gap in abundance.

Big Stone Gap is a most beautifully situated little town—clustering down between the hills all around it, and in sight of the Cumberland mountains in the distance. The famous Gap itself is about a mile from the town. It would seem that Jove had formerly hurled one of his thunderbolts down and cleft in twain the mountain of stone, in order that that most picturesque of little streams, Roaring branch, might flow down the valley and later become immortalized in fiction. In many places it is a succession of tiny waterfalls. The Lonesome Pine is nine miles from Big Stone Gap, and we were unable to see it, but consoled ourselves, when we found that John Fox, Jr., himself had never seen it. Imboden Hill, the scene of many an encounter between the guard and the mountaineers, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is situated

by the southern edge of the town. At its foot is the "Academy," now a modern residence, where "June" went to school. Just above it is the great beech tree, where "June" made playhouses; Jack Hale's office, and the house where June boarded are within a stone's throw of each other, not far from the academy. The athletic park, where the "Knight of the Cumberland" overcame the "Discarded Knight," is situated in the other end of the town.

Jno. Fox, Sr., showed us every courtesy about the residence of the Foxes. The yard was filled with bunches of laurel and rhododendron. Byron was asked to render some selections on the baby grand piano. He turned his head toward me, and whispered, "Gee, Joe, it's miserably out of tune!" We soon found out that Jno. Fox, Sr., and his novelist son were very fond of dogs and horses, many of the former greeting us at the gate as we went in. We were allowed to examine many of the novelist's manuscripts. At the end of the manuscript of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," was appended a chapter entitled "A Possible Conclusion."

Since Mr. Fox, Sr., has kept a diary since 1856, he was enabled to tell us many interesting things concerning his family. Miss Fox relates that her brother was weeks in deciding whether to send "Chad" to the Union army or to the Southern army. Finally, one day he came in to dinner and said, "Well, Chad's gone to the Union army; he went this morning." Miss Fox also says that John Fox, Jr., is the "John Hale" of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—that he was a member of the "guard" at the Gap in the days of the boom. Mr. Fox, Sr., showed us his most valuable museum of fossils, botanical, mineral, and many other specimens.

On our return tramp we took a different route, and came back by way of Kingdom Come Creek. We saw no trace of the rude grave covered with boards, no trace of "Jack," "Towser," and the lost sheep, but only a beautiful little valley, extending for a distance of five miles. A mountaineer came up with us at the head of the creek, and came near walking us down. He said he was "give up to be the best walker on Kingdom Come." Byron was nearly done for, but suddenly took courage at remembering Chad's words: "O God! I haint nuthin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now!" At the mouth of the creek we were both chagrined and disappointed at not finding the house of "Joel Turner." But we consoled ourselves in that Mr. Fox himself had never been on Kingdom Come until long after he had written "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Moreover, we found that Mr. Fox had become somewhate entangled in the topography of the country, when, in the story, he had Chad get on a raft at the Turners, at the mouth of Kingdom Come, start down the Cumberland river, and pass by Jackson on the raft. Kingdom Come empties into the Kentucky river, and not the Cumberland.

Within two or three days we were back at Jackson, having covered a distance of something like two hundred and fifty miles, walking from Hindman to Jackson, a distance of forty-five miles, in one day.

On our tramp we succeeded in finding a moonshine still—turning our kodak toward it four or five times. But by virtue of a promise to the "proprietor," it is as yet too early to divulge the whereabouts of it, or to display any pictures of it.

Ten Men of Money Island

S. F. Norton

Chapter V.

Exchange of Credit

WE have seen how our little community advanced from that primitive system, when every man provided for all his wants without any exchange of products with his neighbor, to the condition of a division of labor and then to an exchange of products by barter. We will now see how they progressed to the use of a medium of exchange.

It so happened that their settlement was divided by a small river. At certain times of the year, the river was so swollen with rains that it was impossible to ford it, and even when fordable it was an inconvenience to do so. It was proposed therefore to build a bridge across the stream, so that they could all pass or repass at any time they chose. They called a meeting and determined that the bridge should be built. The next question was, how should it be done? That is, who should furnish the labor and material to do it? It was first suggested that a week should be fixed upon when they should convene and all take hold together and work till the bridge should be completed and then all would own it.

"But," Reapem says, "I am going to be busy for some time and I do not know when I can get away from my farm a week." "My work is such that I cannot leave my farm either," chimed in Plowem.

But Foreplane, Pickaxe and Makem said that they could spend a week at any time and were willing to do so, although they were not willing to do all the work. It was only fair and just that they should do their fair proportion. In fact their various duties were such that they found that it would be impossible for them to do the work together. They therefore delegated Donothing to superintend the construction of the bridge and they empowered him to take such a course and to employ such help as he saw fit.

But Donothing had no notion of doing all the work himself, nor was it right that he should, but he began devising a plan whereby the work should be done by a part and yet the burden should be borne equally by all.

Now then, the remark is ventured that if to-day, in our country where money is used, such an emergency should arise, the first consideration would be to provide money to defray the expenses of the work. Men would say at once, without money the work cannot be done. What county for instance would undertake to build a court house without money? What town would undertake to build a town hall without first procuring the money with which to pay for the labor and material? They might assess the people for the money, they might borrow the money and agree to return it at some future time, but one thing is certain, they would consider it absolutely necessary to have money, and without it ninety-nine times in a hundred the work would not be done. In fact, there are no doubt hundreds of cases within our knowledge where public improvements would be made if people had the money. They have everything that is needed, the country is rich with every kind of material that is necessary to build railroads, bridges, school-houses, docks, etc., and there is plenty of idle help ready and willing to do the work. Suppose our little community upon Money Island had said: "We have no money, therefore we cannot build the bridge." Suppose they had stopped all improve-

ment by the way of building bridges, roads, public buildings, etc.? Why, they would never have advanced from barbarianism. But some person may say, as all have heard so many people say in our own beloved country during the last few years, there is such a thing as having too many improvements; there is such a thing as having too many railroads, too many bridges, too many fine public buildings, too many schoolhouses, too many comfortable homes too well provided; yet the writer dares to say that there is not a mile of railroad, nor a bridge, nor a public building that to destroy would benefit the country. But is it not plain to every one that the more improvements, in the way of constructing bridges, roads and public buildings, which the ten men of Money Island made, the better off they would be? Is it not just as plain that the more of such things, and the nicer and better, we have in this country the richer it will be? Was it not better that our little community should devote their spare time to making themselves comfortable and happy than to be idle and live in poverty? Would it not be better in our Republic that every man should be at work producing something whereby all may be benefited than that millions should be idle?

To set every man at work and keep him at work, and so order things that he shall have the full reward and benefit of his work, is the great problem that statesmen should try to solve. Had it been solved this country would have avoided the terrible visitation of financial disaster, commercial depression and unemployed workingmen which has been witnessed during the last five years. Till this is solved there will be a periodical visitation of the same distress and disorder.

But having no money to use, and not knowing the use of money, Donothing had to resort to other methods. Some of the members of the community suggested to him the idea of calling upon each man for ten days' work, letting him do it when he could. But by such a plan it might have taken a whole year, as some of the community could not get around to do their proportion within that time. Others suggested that he should open a book of account and whenever any of the members should do a day's work he should have credit for it, so that when the day of settlement came he should be rewarded for it.

And such in fact was the plan which Donothing adopted, although instead of keeping books of account he resorted to another and simpler method.

When Donothing had gotten everything in readiness, he informed the community of the fact and invited those who could spare the time to go to work. Pickaxe was the first man to go to work, and at the close of the first day he naturally inquired of Donothing how the record of his work was to be kept. Donothing handed him a little slip of paper upon which was written these words:

> Money Island is indebted to the Bearer for the value of One Day's Work. This Note will be received for all dues to the Gover. ment of Money Island.
> DONOTHING, Agent.

When Pickaxe enquired concerning the purport of the promise to receive the note for all dues to the government, Donothing explained to him that he proposed to keep an account of the amount of work performed; and when completed to assess each man one-tenth of the whole amount and call upon him to settle his account with the government, and that the note would be received as an evidence that the bearer had performed such a share of the work, and by surrendering it his account would be canceled to that extent.

So it happened that Pickaxe performed twenty days' work and of course he received twenty of the above described certificates of indebtedness.

Reapem worked fifteen days and received fifteen of them. Plowem did the same amount of work that Reapem did and received the same number of certificates. Others worked more or less and received certificates for all they did. At the completion of the work the certificates were held as follows:

Pickaxe held 20; Plowem, 15; Reapem, 15; Sledgehammer, 5; Grindem, 5; Dressem, 2; Donothing, 8; Makem, 5; Discount, 10; and Foreplane, 15. Total 100. In all, therefore, there had been one hundred days' work expended upon the bridge.

It will be seen that if each person had performed an equal share of the work it would have taken just ten days to each one.

Equal responsibility being the rule Donothing assessed each member of the community the value of ten days' work and notified them that at a certain specified time all must be prepared to settle.

Let us observe for a moment the exact condition of things in our little community. The community, as a whole, an organized body, had issued certificates of indebtedness to the extent of the value of one hundred days work. On the other hand it had imposed upon its members a tax of one hundred days' work. So the matter stood this way: the community as a whole owed its various members the value of one hundred days' work, and the various members as individuals owed the community as a whole the value of one hundred days' work. In other words the Ten Men of Money Island as individuals, owed themselves as an organized government the value of one hundred days' work. Their case was very much as though a man should hold his own due bill.

Now then, let us speculate upon the different phases which the affairs of Money Island might assume. Let us suppose for instance that it so happened that each man held ten certificates of indebtedness. This supposition would imply that each man had performed ten days' work, if which had been the case the burden of building the bridge would already have been equally distributed among them, therefore there would have been no necessity of calling for a settlement. Suppose again that while holding these certificates, ten each, by some accident they had all been destroyed, what would have been the result? Would the Government have lost anything? Nothing. Would the individuals have lost anything? No; because till the certificates had been presented for payment they would never be called upon to settle, and being destroyed they could never be presented. Suppose again that each man possessing ten, had lost one of them, the result would have been the same. Neither individual nor government would have lost. If, however, one had lost all of his certificates, he would have suffered, and this loss would have been a gain to the other nine, because the less he presented for payment the less the others would have to pay.

Chapter VI.

Adjusting Public Burdens

Please remember the above comments concerning the value of the certificates, because they will be referred to hereafter in discussing the intrinsic value of money.

After Pickaxe completed his work upon the bridge he was reminded by the approach of cold weather that he must have a new suit of clothes. He therefore visited Dressem for the purpose of making arrangements for the suit. He found that Dressem, anticipating the wants of his customers, had already made a suit for him. It will be remembered that it had become the custom, first to exchange labor and then the products of labor, so that when Pickaxe wanted clothing he exchanged coal or other products for it, but owing

to the fact that he had been at work on the bridge he had had no time to accumulate a surplus product. Therefore when he made known to Dressem his desire to obtain a suit of clothes he was met by the pertinent inquiry from Dressem, how he expected to obtain the clothes except through an exchange of products?

"The truth is," said Pickaxe, "I have spent so much time at work upon the bridge that I have not been able to produce material enough to exchange with you."

"The excuse is well enough," said Dressem, "but it does not help the matter any so far as I am concerned. If you had worked less upon the bridge and more in your mines you would have had enough. While you have been at work for the public I have been at work for myself. In fact I have even neglected to do work enough on the bridge to get what certificates I need to pay my proportion of the tax, and I really do not know what I am going to do. I suppose, however, that I will have to turn over some of my goods for the amount which is charged against me."

"How many certificates have you?" inquired Pickaxe.

"Only two," answered Dressem.

"But I have twenty of them," responded Pickaxe, "and now inasmuch as I require only ten of them to pay my part of the tax why cannot you let me have the suit of clothes and take my extra certificates?"

After studying the matter for a moment, Dressem replied: "Why certainly I can do that. I wonder I did not think of it before."

But at once a question arose between them. How many certificates should Pickaxe give Dressem for the suit of clothes? In answer to this question is involved the problem of a measure of value—a problem that you find elaborately discussed in every existing treatise upon the subject of political economy. In the transaction between our primitive citizens of Money Island they might have agreed upon any conventional term, such as franc, pound, dollar or macute. Dressem might have said that his suit of clothes was worth 200 francs, 2 pounds, 10 dollars, or 100 macutes, and Pickaxe might have estimated the value of his certificates in the same manner, but he would have put a valuation upon them that would match the values put upon Dressem's products, in order to have made an even exchange. Suppose, for instance, they had agreed upon the term franc, and Dressem had fixed the value of a suit at 200 francs, what could Pickaxe have done except to say that his certificates were worth 200 francs? It certainly would not have done for him to have put a price of 20 francs upon his certificates, for in that event the certificates would only have equaled one-tenth of the value of the suit of clothes. What then was the great consideration which entered into the proposition? Why, the cost of production. If Dressem had said that his goods were worth 200 francs, then Pickaxe would have fixed upon the same amount for his certificates. Why? Because if the suit of clothes, which cost an expenditure of ten days' work, was worth 200 francs then the certificates were worth the same amount for the reason that they also cost ten days' work. No other solution could have been reached; no other basis would have been equitable. What, then, is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from this phase of this simple illustration? It is this: *A day's work is the only standard of value.*

But as the same topic has been discussed somewhat in a previous chapter (III) it will be well to consider briefly the name, word, or term used to express the value of the articles in question. Suppose, then, that the term franc had been used in the transaction, and Dressem had claimed the suit of clothes to be worth 200 francs. Would not the result have been the same had he called

them worth 20 francs, 10 dollars, 2 pounds, or 100 machutes? There was no such thing known to them as a coin called a franc, a dollar, a pound, or a macute, but the absence of every such thing as a coin could have made no difference with its name as a mere term by which to compare the values of their commodities. *In other words, the coin which represents the franc, the dollar, the pound, is an entirely different thing from the franc itself, or the pound, or the dollar.*

In the discussion of the financial question one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of a clear understanding of the matter is the fact that the coin which represents the dollar, and which in common phrase is called a "dollar" is confounded with the "dollar" itself. The "dollar" bears the same relation to the coin that the name of an individual does to the individual; the individual may die but the name exists; coin may be destroyed but the term "dollar" exists. One of the most apt illustrations of this idea is that given by John Stuart Mill when he tells about the African tribes who calculate the value of things by the term "macute." They say such a thing is worth a "macute," another is worth five "macutes" and another ten, and so on, and yet there is no such real thing as a "macute" and probably never was such a thing in existence. A more recent illustration is to be found in the custom which prevails, even at the present time, of computing values in the old "York shilling" that passed out of coin existence years ago. You ask for the price of an article and you are told that it is worth six shillings, yet the shilling is so rarely found in circulation that perhaps you have never seen one. Again it is an everyday occurrence for people to exchange commodities without the use of coin or bills at all. Mr. A. says to B. "my horse is worth $100; your two horses are worth $50 each," which valuation being agreed upon, an even exchange is made, although perhaps neither possesses such a thing as cash. And in such a case it would not matter if A. had said to B. "my horse is worth $200; and your horses are worth $100 each," for the exchange would have been an even exchange if made on that basis.

It would be just as correct to estimate the value of things in "units" as "dollars." A promissory note promising to pay 100 "units" would mean precisely the same thing as a promise to pay 100 "dollars," because the statute of the United States reads that the money of account shall be "expressed in *dollars*, or *units*." It is also further enacted, in effect, that 371¼ grains of silver should be valued at one dollar, and in no instance is it enacted that 371¼ grains of silver shall be a dollar.

But in the case of Dressem and Pickaxe the matter was settled very speedily, and in this manner:

"The suit which I have on hand," said Dressem, "took me ten days to make."

"Very well," replies Pickaxe, "each of my certificates cost me a day's work, therefore I will give you ten certificates for the clothes and then when the day of settlement with the agent, Donothing, comes, all you will have to do will be to take the certificates there and he will accept them and discharge you from further liability."

"Very good," again said Dressem, "but I already have two of these certificates and I only want eight more to make up the amount which I require. If I accept ten from you then I shall have two more than I want, and I should not know what to do with them. It is possible, however, that Grindem will take two of them in exchange for flour. If he will I will gladly accept them from you."

The two visited Grindem who, after explanations were made, consented to receive the certificates for flour.

It will be observed in the foregoing

description of the brief manner in which the exchange was made between Dressem and Pickaxe, that the measure or standard of value was the day's work. That was the term which they used. It was just as well as though Dressem had said, "my work is worth one dollar per day, and it took me ten days to produce this suit of clothes, therefore it is worth $10." In fact, the day's work being the natural standard, or measure, it would be a much more appropriate term than the word "dollar" or "unit" as adopted by Congress in 1792.

After the experience which Dressem, Pickaxe and Grindem had in affecting exchanges of commodities by means of the certificates, it became quite the custom to use them in place of the barter system. They passed around from hand to hand, each representing the value of a day's work until the day of settlement for taxes came.

Well, what office did those little certificates perform as they passed from hand to hand? The office of money. In other words, they were a medium of exchange, nothing more nor less.

Chapter VII.

Money

It has been shown, in the last chapter, how the little certificates of indebtedness passed around among the inhabitants of Money Island as a means of exchanging products. In other words, they became a medium of exchange as complete and perfect as any coin that ever was circulated. Being a medium of exchange they were in that sense money. Whatever is used as a medium of exchange is to that extent money. This is an undisputed proposition.

But it is said by some, although it is incorrect and inconsiderate, that money can only be made out of coin. It is one of those errors which have been born in the flesh. It is an error of education and thought. The proposition that money can exist, independent and irrespective of coin, is ridiculed by the newspapers of the day. And in ridiculing the idea, if they claim the credit of acting honestly and sincerely, they certainly cannot escape the conviction of inexcusable ignorance. It is an every day experience to hear men insist that coin is the only money. They denominate everything else mere promises to pay money.

But it has been shown on Money Island that money did exist and yet no such thing as a coin of any kind or description whatever was ever seen or heard of. In short, the people of Money Island absolutely created money. And was it not perfect money with the exception of its not being a legal tender? Did it not answer the purpose of a medium of exchange and a measure of value? And yet how easily, how sensibly, how naturally the problem was solved. While it had no value in itself, that is intrinsic value, it had nevertheless a commercial and exchangeable value. It represented credit, the credit of the entire community.

It needs but a moment's reflection to see that precisely the same system has been used in this country for the past forty-nine years. In 1862 the Government desiring to build a bridge across the yawning chasm of secession and having no money to use, employed a whole army of Dressems, Sledgehammers, Grindems, Plowems and others and gave to each one little certificates of indebtedness, in exchange for their services or such products of their labor as the government needed. These little certificates were of various denominations, and of such size and shape that they were readily accepted by the people and used as a medium of exchange. It so happened that the back of the paper on which they were printed was partially green, so that in course of time they became to be popularly called "Greenbacks." It is true they possessed no intrinsic value, yet they possessed

an exchangeable value. It is true that, in and of themselves, they were worth no more than the paper of which they were made, but yet they were always received by the soldiers in exchange for their services, and by the farmers in exchange for horses, beef and breadstuffs—because they represented credit, the credit of the American people.

There was, however, one very grave and almost fatal mistake in the law which created them. The mistake consisted in making them a "promise to pay" instead of a "promise to receive." The money of Money Island bore upon its face a promise from the government to receive it for any dues to the government. The greenbacks of the United States were sent forth dishonored by the government itself with the declaration that they would not be received for import duties, nor would they be used in payment of interest on bonds, even though such bonds were bought with greenbacks. The government of Money Island acted upon the principle that that which was good enough to pay the laborer for his hire was good enough for any and all dues to the government. The government of the United States proclaimed that the money which it compelled its soldiers to take was not good enough for the government to take: nor was it good enough for those who were drawing high rates of interest on untaxed bonds. The inevitable consequence, therefore, was to create a special demand for coin, for the payment of interest on bonds and import duties, enhancing its exchangeable value far beyond that of greenbacks. In other words, there was a premium upon coin because of the disability imposed by the government upon the greenbacks.

Says John Stuart Mill:

"Money, when its use has grown habitual, is the medium through which the incomes of the different members of the community are distributed to them, and the measure by which they estimate their possessions."

Says J. R. McCulloch:

"When the division of labor was first introduced, one commodity was directly bartered for another. Those, for example, who had an excess of corn and were in want of wine, endeavored to find out those who were in the opposite circumstances, or who had an excess of wine and wanted corn, and then exchanged the one for the other. It is obvious, however, that the power of exchanging, and, consequently, of dividing employments, must have been confined within very narrow limits, so long as it was restricted to mere barter. A might have a surplus of wine, and B might have been anxious to purchase it; but if B had no commodity that A stood in need of, no exchange could take place between them. To avoid the inconvenience of such situations, every prudent man, in every age of the world, after the first establishment of the division of labor, must naturally, as Adam Smith has observed, have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner, as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or another, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry. Now, this commodity, whatever it may be, is *money*."

Says Sir James Stewart:

"Money, which I call of account, is no more than a scale of equal parts, invented for measuring the respective value of things vendible. Money of account is, therefore, quite a different thing from money coin, and might exist though there was no such thing in the world as any substance which could become an adequate and proportional equivalent for every commodity. Money of account performs the same office, with regard to the value of things that degrees, minutes, seconds, etc., do with regard to angles, or as scales do with

regard to geographical maps, or to plans of any kind. In all these inventions there is some denominative taken for the unit. In angles, it is the degree; in geography, it is the mile; in plans, foot and yard; in money, it is the pound, livre, florin, etc. The degree has no determinate length, so neither has that part of the scale, upon plans or maps which marks the unit; the usefulness of all these being solely confined to the marking of proportions. Just so, the unit in money can have no invariable determinate proportion to any part of value; that is to say, it cannot be fixed in perpetuity to any particular quantity of gold and silver, or any other commodity. The value of commodities depending upon circumstances relative to themselves, their value ought to be considered as changing with respect to one another only; consequently, any thing which troubles or perplexes the ascertaining of these changes of proportion by the means of a general determinate and invariable scale, must be hurtful to trade; and this is the infallible consequence of every rise in the price of money or coin. Money, as has been said, is an ideal scale of equal parts. If it be demanded what ought to be the standard value of one part, I answer by putting another question: What is the standard length of a degree, a minute, or a second? None; and there is no necessity of any other than what, by convention, mankind thinks fit to give. The first step being perfectly arbitrary, people may adjust one or more of these parts to a precise quantity of the precious metals; and so soon as this is done, and that money becomes realized, as it were in gold and silver, then it acquires a new definition; it then becomes the price as well as the measure of value. It does not follow from this adjusting of the metal to the scale of value, that they themselves should become the scale."

Says Edward Kellogg:

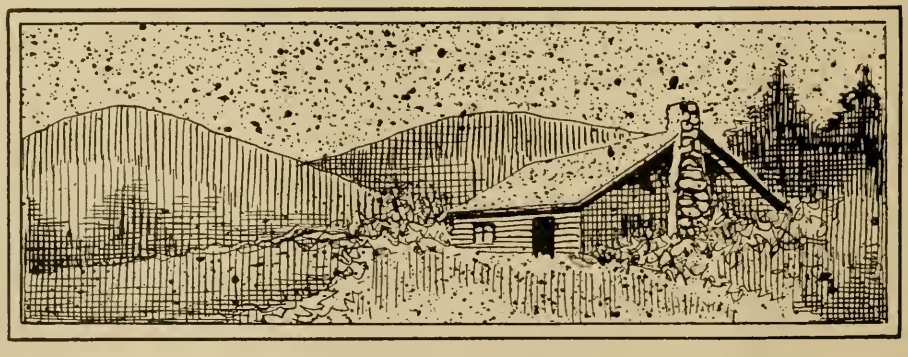
"Money is the national medium of exchange for property and products."

Says Prof. A. L. Perry:

"Money is a medium of exchange and a measure of value."

Please apply these various definitions of money to the certificates of indebtedness used on Money Island, and see if they could be any more completely and perfectly described. If not, they certainly must have been *Money*. And, inasmuch as they were created and existed entirely independent of gold, silver or any other metal, then it must follow that *money can be made of paper without the association of either gold or silver.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told. **Watson's Magazine** proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veterans will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read. We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

"A Qualified Runner"

The writer was a member of Company C, 15th Georgia Regiment, Benning's brigade, Field's division, Longstreet's corps. While in winter quarters near Morristown, East Tennessee, there were quite a number of the soldiers that had no shoes. We had, as substitutes, pieces of blankets wrapped around our feet, and over this, raw cowhide sandals. We were called the "Rawhide Batallion." Our tracks upon the snow resembled somewhat that of a half-grown elephant. Communication being cut off, our army had to subsist by foraging. Now it had reached the ears of General Benning that Sevier County was a "goodly land," a land "flowing with milk and honey," corn, rye, hog and hominy, beef and butter. Of course, it made the General's mouth water for these good things, having dieted upon parched corn and lye hominy for the longest time. It happened that the quartermaster had received a lot of shoes, and General Benning wishing to "kill two birds with one stone," gave a pair of shoes to everyone who would volunteer to go on a foraging expedition in said county. Captain Calloway of the commissary department was in command.

When we reached the ferry on French Broad river (our outpost), we were "dined and wined" by the proprietor. The repast over, we crossed the river and had acquired a considerable drove of beef cattle. Penning these, we started in quest of others. A citizen informed the Captain that he would pilot him on a certain road where he could find plenty of beef cattle, that there were stills in full blast where we could get as much apple jack, peach brandy, corn and rye whiskey, as we wanted. Of course we all wanted some brandy, and filling our canteens, "went on our way rejoicing," every now and then taking a little—just a little—"for our stomach's sake," and other infirmities.

To say we were a merry band of foragers, is to put it mildly. Some of the boys were singing "Dixie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Let the Wide World Wag as It Will," while the more bellicose were singing "We'll Hang Abe Lincoln on a Sour Apple Tree." The Captain and our guard were in advance some two hundred yards. Immediately Brownlow's cavalry appeared upon the scene, shouting "Halt there! Johnnies!" "You'uns throw down your arms!" Our Captain about faced, put spurs to his charge and madly shouting, "Damn the guide! Damn the guide!" as he passed by us at breakneck speed. Being completely trapped, all the boys but seven surrendered. We saved oureslves by flight. I did not know that I could run so fast, till Brownlow's cavalry got in behind me, shouting, "Halt, Johnnies! Halt! You'uns throw down your arms!" while the balls from their carbines whizzing close to our heads, zip, zip, "zet-zis," was a dynamo par excellence for our running machine. Since, I have heard soldiers say they never did run from the enemy. I won't lie about it—I ran; but the reason I did it was, "I had no wings to fly." It did not take long to get

to the river. Fortunately there was a canoe just large enough to accommodate four men. The first four that crossed promised to bring the canoe back for the remaining three; but as soon as they landed on the opposite bank, ignored their promise and left us. However, one of the men relented, returned and brought us the canoe. Myself and a soldier by the name of Redwine, and another named Moon were the men left. I and Redwine got aboard our little craft, but no amount of persuasion could induce Moon to get on. He said he was a "*full Moon*," indeed "so full" he was afraid the canoe would not hold him. He preferred being partially eclipsed by the shadows of a dense cane-brake rather than a total eclipse in the waters of the French Broad. Moments were precious; we had no time to lose gazing at the "*Moon*." So we pulled for the opposite shore. When we reached the middle of the stream a ball from the enemies carbine hit the water beside the canoe. From then till we reached the opposite bank we were under fire of the enemy. When we landed that brought on more running. We would run a while; then for a change we would single-foot it. Finally, we sobered down to a fox trot. I hope the reader will not criticise us too severely. Only remember that "he that fights and runs away lives to fight another day." (And run, too, as to that matter.) I lived to do both. I and Redwine wandered around, in the "by-ways and hedges," trading ammunition for ham and flour. A citizen directed us to a house where we could have our provisions cooked. When the lady of the house had finished cooking, we filled our haversacks with biscuits and had placed the boiled ham on a vessel to cool. Just then a Confederate trooper rode up to the house and said the enemy were advancing. Right there I lost my "Redwine." He leaked out at the back door and I have not seen him since. I did not turn to investigate. Grabbing the ham, I made for the "tall timbers" on the opposite side of the road. Well, really, I did some of the fastest running on that foraging trip that I ever did. Never have I seen a race that would equal it.

Constitution, Ga. J. M. Hudson.

The Three Tried and Trusted

A group of the survivors of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-65, gathered around a crackling log fire in a room over Jerry's store.

Some were sitting on upturned butter-kits, others on empty boxes, while some just lounged on the floor in front of the fireplace.

The door opened to admit a young man who seemed scarcely over thirty. He was more jauntily attired than any of the other men, and there was somewhat of a swagger in his walk. Some one shouted: "Hullo! you are late to-night. Been calling on the ladies?" while another tuned up, "Tom Rowland went a courting, he did ride, Ah! Ha!"

"Now! don't you say a word, John," called Tom as he stretched himself out in front of the fire, "or I will remind the boys of the time you and Higgins stole out of camp to call on those country girls, and were douched with cold water." And they all went off into a roar of laughter.

"I wonder what has become of Higgins. I haven't heard of him since we surrendered. Do you remember the time he went to Old Lady Daniel's after being lost in the snow? He was so worn out and short of breath, he said: 'Please, ma'am, give me a drink of water; I'm so hungry I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night.' We always called him Hungry Higgins after that." The men all smiled in assent. They smoked and chewed in silence a while, each one busy with his thoughts. John gave a loud laugh. "You remember the time, Mack, the Yanks were after us, you jumped on your horse and put the spurs to him and found you had forgotten to untie

him? You surely were a scared Cracker." "Yes," laughed Mack, "that puts me in mind of the time you and Bill were in swimming and a Yankee spy went off with your clothes—you stayed in that water all day, didn't you, boys? No wonder Bill is so scared of a bath nowadays."

"Poor old Joe was with us then. Couldn't that fellow play the banjo?" And they were all silent again, for their jolly comrade Joe, the life of the company, was killed in one of the last battles of the war.

"Look here, Tom, there's some here to-night that haven't heard the story of the three tried and trusted. Can't you tell it to us?" Tom never needed much encouragement to put himself to the front, so he launched forth.

"It all started with Charley over there. When Charley was in command of our company the men wouldn't stand for his pompous ways, so when Charley gave that big old Irishman Danley an order, Danley told him to go to h——. Charley got mad and had him arrested for contempt, and Danley was put in jail. Chritsmas was coming and we fellows felt badly about Danley lying there in jail. He was popular with the men and it was a serious charge against him. One night we all got together, and decided to go to Charley and suggest to him to fine Danley, and have a big Christmas egg-nog at Danley's expense.

"Charley was all in for it and said if Danley would pay for our egg-nog, he would let him go free. Then the question arose as to whom we could trust to go to Fredericksburg for the whiskey and eggs. Charley got the roll book and went through it. Corporal Young? No, he would get drunk. Sargent Cooper? No, he won't do, and over each name he would shake his head. Sargent Capp? Yes, he'll do. He's Tried and Trusted, and Corporal Mulligan—Tried and Trusted, and here's Dan Whaley; he's Tried and Trusted too. So these three were detailed by Charley to go to Fredericksburg for the ingredients necessary for the Christmas egg-nog.

"The morning of Christmas Eve dawned clear and cold and as the men rode out of camp they were followed by our shouts, 'There go the Three Tried and Trusted! Hip! Hip! Hurray! Be sure you don't get drunk, boys, and go to the wrong camp,' and Joe struck up Dixie.

"The three reached Fredericksburg about noon. A fine snow was falling and they were cold and stiff after their long ride. So when they bought the whiskey, they bought a canteen on the side to warm up on, you know, and Tom gave the boys a wink, and stopped a minute to take a drink out of a little brown jug that was sitting on the floor in reach of them all. Well, when they'd bought the eggs, they hunted up a restaurant for a feed, and as they ate, the canteen traveled round and round and round the table as if dizzy with its own contents. When they had finished lunch they joked awhile with the fellows lounging around, and as it was growing late they started back to camp. Sargent Capp and Dan Whaley had the eggs in haversacks thrown across their shoulders. Every hundred yards or so they would halt and one of them would ask, 'What was it the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina?' and then they would pass the canteen around and each take a drink. Now as you all know, Sargent Capp is a most peaceable man when he is sober, but when he is drunk! Well! He stopped along the road and argued with every pine stump he came to and finally he drew Dan into a heated argument over which of them had the best horse. They grew so hot that they jumped down to settle it between them right then and there, throwing the eggs down by the road, smashing most of them. Corporal Mulligan beginning to realize what was going on, pointed the

eggs out to them. When they saw the damage they had done it sobered them up a bit. Then Corporal Mulligan suggested that they race to camp and in that way prove who had the best horse, and he started off at a gallop and never stopped till he got into camp. He rode right up to Charley's tent, where Charley was sitting in full view with the flap looped up in front. Between the whiskey and the cold, Corporal Mulligan was about all in. 'Here's your booze,' he shouted, and threw a canteen right at Charley's head. Charley dodged, but before he could dodge again the second one shaved his ear, the third one caught him right in the middle and before he could get back his breath, Corporal Mulligan dismounted and went on off to bed and to sleep.

"Half an hour later, Sargent Capp rode into camp and straight up to Charley's tent. 'Here's yer eggs,' he said, and Charley received them full in the face. 'Sargent Capp, I'm surprised at you!' said Charley. 'Do you mean to insult me?' mumbled the far-gone Capp. 'Where is Whaley?' demanded Charley, nervously peering out of his tent, for he expected a third onslaught any minute. 'Alas! Poor Dan! I left him in the ditch!' said Capp. Charley detailed a squad to go out and bring Dan in and sure enough we found him lying in a mud puddle by the side of the road, fast asleep, his head pillowed on a bag of eggs.

"The next morning Dan's horse came into camp, without either saddle or bridle. He had to have a saddle and a bridle, so Christmas night Dan went foraging. He searched and searched till at last he spied one tied under a hospital wagon. He tiptoed up and crawled under the wagon, cut loose the saddle and bridle and stole off to his tent. When he got into the light he discovered that it was his own saddle and bridle, he had lost. So he tiptoed back again and tied it under the wagon right where he found it, and the next day he had the fellow arrested and court-martialed for stealing them."

Tom stood up, drew a long breath and reached for the brown jug. "Now boys," said Mack, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "Christmas will be here again next week, and I suggest just to square things, you know, that we order up whiskey and eggs from Jerry's, for a big old Christmas egg-nog, and charge them up to these 'Three Tried and Trusted.'"

OLIVIA M. BROBSTON.

A War Reminiscence

As Jan. 19th is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robt. E. Lee, I think it is well for all of his old followers to say a word in his praise, for we all think that he was one of the grandest men and best generals that ever lived, and commanded the grandest army that ever shouldered a musket.

The company that I belonged to was mustered into the service of the State of Virginia on May 12, 1861, by his order, and surrendered with him on the 9th of April, 1865. He received his commission as Confederate General on April 14th, 1861. We will start with him in Mexico, in March, 1847, as Captain of Engineers on the staff of Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz. The fleet and batteries of Gen. Scott had been firing on the Mexican works for six days. On the seventh day Gen. Scott ordered Capt. Lee, assisted by Lieut. Beauregard, to direct the firing of his batteries on the Mexican works. Before the sun went down the Mexican colors went down. He paved the way, as it were, for the advance of the American army to the city of Mexico. I shall never forget a remark that I heard Dr. Brent make at the post office in the little town in Virginia where I lived. It was in the early part of April, 1861. The people were standing around waiting for the mail from Richmond to be opened. From the first paper that was opened some one read, "Col. Robt. E. Lee has resigned

his position in the regular army and tendered his services to the Governor of Virginia." Dr. Brent remarked, "If Robt. E. Lee is with us, we're all right. Gen. Scott's success in Mexico was due in a great part to the valuable services rendered him by Robt. E. Lee." Gov. Letcher accepted his services and appointed him to organize and command the Virginian volunteers then being raised for the war. Next place we will speak of him at Harper's Ferry, Va. In 1859 when John Brown started his raid, when pursued by the Virginia authorities he retreated to the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry and barricaded himself in one of the buildings. Col. Lee was then in command of the troops around Washington, being Lieut. Col. of the Second U. S. Cavalry. He was directed by John B. Floyd (a Virginian) Secretary of War, to proceed to Harper's Ferry and take possession of the Government property, which he did with a squadron of cavalry and a company of U. S. Marines. The Government had an arsenal at Harper's Ferry for the manufacture of small arms. On his arrival there he found Brown and his followers barricaded in one of the buildings. He ordered the marines to batter down the doors and capture Brown and his followers, which they did and turned them over to the Virginia authorities.

Gen. Lee, like a large majority of the people of Virginia, was opposed to secession. The legislature voted down the secession resolution by a majority of 2 to 1 in March, 1861. But when Lincoln called for his 75,000 troops, they cast their lot with the South. All of her sons in the U. S. army resigned their positions (except Geo. H. Thomas, who remained in the army and became one of the distinguished officers of the Federal western army) and tendered their services to the governor of the State of Virginia. The Confederate government was established in Richmond the latter part of June, 1861. McLellan was organizing a large army in Western Virginia. Lee was ordered to oppose him, but when McLellan commenced to advance with his large and well equipped army, Lee, for the want of men and equipment, was forced to withdraw his small and poorly equipped army nearer his base of operations. He was relieved of that command and ordered to the command of the department of South Carolina with headquarters at Charleston, where he remained until the wounding of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Richmond. He was then ordered to proceed to Richmond and take command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The campaign of the army of Northern Virginia from May until the middle of September was the most brilliant of any army under the sun, considering the number of men and equipment. In June, 1861, there were 200,000 Federal soldiers in Virginia. By the middle of September, there were not more than 20,000 in the State, most of them were around Fort Monroe and Norfolk. When Gen. Lee took command, McLellan's right wing under Gen. Fitz John Porter was within five miles of richmond, well entrenched. He saw that if he did not move quickly McLellan would be in Richmond in a few days, so he began to concentrate his army until he had about 75,000 men under his command ready for duty. Then he moved on McLellan's right wing in front and rear and after seven days hard fighting had driven him to the protection of his fleet on the bank of the James river 30 miles below Richmond. He then withdrew his army to the neighborhood of Richmond where they rested for a short time and were reorganized and prepared for another campaign. In the meantime the Washington authorities had ordered Gen. John Pope to take command of the army of Virginia. On his arrival in Washington he made a speech in which he said he had never seen anything but the back of rebels, that his

headquarters would be in the saddle. He was sent to the army in a decorated train with bands of music and flags flying. On his arrival he began to press forward in the direction of Gordonsville. His cavalry advanced as far as Orange Court House where they were met by Gen. Stuart and driven back. Gen. Lee hurried Gen. Jackson to the relief of Stuart. He encountered Pope's army at Cedar Mountain, where after a severe battle Pope was driven back to Culpepper C. H. In the meantime Gen. Lee had been watching McLellan's movements. The authorities at Washington began to get uneasy. They ordered McLellan to withdraw his army and proceed to the assistance of Gen. Pope. On the arrival of McLellan's army he was relieved of his command and turned over to Gen. Pope. On the withdrawal of McLellan, Gen. Lee proceeded to the assistance of Jackson. I never heard Gen. Lee speak but once and that was to myself and several other soldiers. It was at the ford of Hazel river. The ford was very deep and the water very cold. We dropped out of rank to get to ride on the ambulance trains across the river. While we were waiting Gen. Lee rode by with several of his staff and a few couriers. In that gentle voice of his, he said, "Men, hurry to your command," and passed on.

Gen. Lee closed his army up to the Rappahannock. The federals were on the opposite side with batteries in position to prevent crossing. The stream was up and all the bridges were destroyed. When our batteries came up they were placed in position on the South side of the Rappahannock and an artillery duel went on between the opposing forces for two days. In the meantime Gen. Lee had ordered Gen. Jackson and Gen. Stuart with his cavalry to proceed up the river and cross at the first ford they could and place themselves between Gen. Pope's army and Washington City, which they did. As soon as Gen. Lee had given them sufficient time he followed with the main army. He met the combined forces of the federal army of Virginia and the Potomac on the plains of Manassas. After two days severe fighting he completely routed them. While Stuart was in the rear of Gen. Pope he called to see him one night, but Pope was out. He appropriated Pope's uniform and sword and left.

Next day after the battle of Manassas Gen. Lee ordered Gen. Jackson to pursue the retreating column. A. P. Hill's corps overtook the rearguard in the afternoon and a severe battle took place in a blinding rainstorm. The Federal forces were commanded by the distinguished Maj. Gen. Phil Kearney, and were routed. Gen. Kearney and one of the generals were killed. The next Day Gen Lee sent Kearney's remains under a flag of truce to Gen. Pope with a very polite note stating that he knew it would be a great consolation to Gen. Kearney's family to have his remains. Gen. Lee and Gen. Kearney had been friends in the old army since the Mexican war till the commencement of the Civil War. The army proceeded under Gen. Lee to Maryland, crossing the river near Leesburg, Va., and marched to Fredericks City, Md. After resting for two days the plans for the capture of Harper's Ferry were arranged and Gen. Jackson put in motion. The next day the whole army followed. Gen. Jackson marched 28 miles with his army the first day. Gen. Longstreet and D. H. Hill, assisted by Gen. Stuart's cavalry, were left to protect the rear and flank of the army. Gen. D. H. Hill, through carelessness, lost his copy of the order for the capture of Harper's Ferry, and it was found by a Federal soldier and turned over to Gen. McLellan, who in the meantime had been re-instated to the command of the army of the Potomac. McLellan hurried on to the relief of Harper's Ferry. He fell on the rear guard commanded by Hill

and Longstreet and drove them back gradually to Sharpsburg where a stand was made. In the meantime Harper's Ferry had fallen with 11,000 men and all their equipment into the hands of the Confederates. Gen. Lee hurried on his forces from Harper's Ferry to the relief of those at Sharpsburg, where two days of the fiercest fighting of the war occurred. On the third day both armies rested on their arms. At night Gen. Lee withdrew his army to the southside of the Potomac. During the battle one of the most touching incidents occurred. Gen. Lee, seeing a battery out of action rode up to the battery; it was the Rockbridge, Va., artillery, in which Gen. Lee's youngest son was a private. When he saw his father he came up to him covered with dust and smoke. The battle had been almost continually in action for two days and had withdrawn to replenish its ammunition chest. His son spoke up and said, "Father, you are not going to put us in action again, are you?" He turned to his son and said, "Son, do your duty," and rode off to another part of the line.

Thus ended the four months' campaign of the army of Northern Virginia. In those four months the Army of Northern Virginia captured 40,000 prisoners, 100,000 stands of small arms and 200 pieces of field artillery, and several millions dollars worth of commissary and quartermaster stores, and marched several hundred miles.

JOHN ROURKE.

C. C. 14 Virginia Regiment, Armisted's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. W.

Robert Toombs

Henry Whitney Cleveland

ROBERT TOOMBS has been State legislator, an eminent lawyer, senator of the United States from Georgia, the first Secretary of State of the Confederate States, general of brigade in the Army of North Virginia, general of Georgia State troops, a lawyer again, a man apparently parting with his self-control under stimulants, a pure man in personal morals, an upright man in business, a most tender and devoted husband and father, and at the last a most earnest and humble Christian. I think it was in the presence of William H. Crawford that some one once remarked, "Mr. Toombs is the Daniel Webster of the South." To which the reply instantly came, "Sir, it would be more proper to say that Mr. Webster is the Robert Toombs of the North." This estimate of his wonderful eloquence when in his prime will not seem too strong to those who remember the day, not far back, when the names of Toombs and Stephens, of Georgia, suggested the leaders of the Senate and of the House, and the probability of the two friends gaining a national fame comparable to that of the great triumvirate, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. I first met him at Lincolnton, Georgia, when I was admitted to the bar at the April term of the Superior Court in 1856, and when he was the handsomest man I ever saw, save only Edwin and J. W. Booth. I was only twenty years old, and had been admitted under a law that made a man (but not a voter) of one who did a man's work. It was, therefore, as much a matter of surprise as of delight when the great man gave me his congratulations, ending with the words, "I feel entitled to one of the best law libraries

in the State, because I know how to use such a tool, and if you will settle in my town of Washington, in Wilkes County, neither books nor rent shall cost you anything." As I am not writing of myself, I need not say what came of this.

His readiness in debate was only surpassed by the power of his sustained oratory, and many will remember the catch phrases that never were more abundant in American history than in the campaign that resulted in the election of James Buchanan. A Major Hester was specially gifted in securing the yell of the crowd by such means, and at the Elbert County camp-ground, in that year, he denounced the Kansas-Nebraska measure as "a forgery and a fraud." It was a silly speech, and Mr. Toombs did not fire up, but began an almost tearful plea against the charge of having helped to defraud the constituents who had so honored him. His opponent, really touched at having wounded such sensitive feelings, began a personal retraction. Mr. Toombs gave way until the vindication was made, and then, with his tone of deepest contempt, asked to know how it was possible to "forge" an act of Congress? It vindicated the maxim, "Take it for granted that a weak man will make a fool of himself, and be sure to give him the chance."

As I am to write of Mr. Toombs as I knew him, and not as I have heard or read of him, I turn with no reluctance from the abundant material concerning his youth and early manhood, and take him as I saw him in 1856, in his intellectual and physical prime. He had made his mark in his State and in the Senate of the country, and in the lecture season in Boston in that year he was chosen to deliver the Tremont Temple lecture on the 24th of January. His theme was, "Slavery—First, the Constitutional power and duties of the Federal Government in relation to Domestic Slavery; and, Second, the influence of slavery as it exists in the United States upon the Slave and Society."

As I look over the time-stained pamphlet before me, corrected by himself, I can almost see him as he stood before that great, unfriendly audience—hushed and respectful in spite of themselves before his commanding presence. Almost at the outset he met with a bold challenge the incredulity before him; asserting that the boasted Declaration of Independence, the *Magna Charta* of liberty, originated when the slave-trade existed under the laws and practices of all mankind; that slavery was a fact to which commerical New England was more friendly than the agricultural South (as a trade); that the Declaration was drafted by a slave-holder, adopted by a convention of slave-holders, did not emancipate a single slave, and quarreled with the government of George III for attempting "to excite domestic insurrection among us." Then he spoke of the extension of the time of the salve-trade, voted *for* by the whole of the New England States, including Massachusetts (their ships being in it), and opposed by Virginia and Delaware; the actions, votes, and words of John and of John Quincy Adams, and the constitutional provisions for the *increase*, the *strengthening* and the *protection* of slavery. Ah, as the facts came, how those cultured people of the *Hub* did stare! The close law argument about equal rights in the territories was too much logic for any save Mr. Cushing, Butler, and the like, but the audience was awake again when he came to his second part. He stated flatly that under Southern slavery the negro was then in a better position than at any other time or place, whether in freedom or in bondage. He claimed that the South had done more for the negro in a century than religion had done in his own land, Africa, and in freedom, in all time. He asserted natural inferiority of race, and it seemed that some one must get up and deny it

when he said: "Annihilate his race today, and you will find no trace of his existence in a score of years. He would not leave behind him a single discovery, invention or thought worthy of remembrance by the human family."

Then the social and political ban upon the negro in the North and among his friends, where he had been for seventy years on trial as a free man, was fully discussed, the increase of only one per cent there in a decade, compared with the increase of twenty-eight per cent of population (colored) in the same time in the South; the fact that the negro slave-race was the largest consumer of animal food of any laboring population on the globe; the fact that the negro received more of the food production of the land he tilled than any other common laborer: the assertion that any master would be convicted and punished for "cruelty to the slave," if he only gave them as much of the produce of the land as common field-labor had in England; all ending with this climax: "Under a system of free labor, wages are usually paid in money, the representative of products. Under our's it is paid in the products themselves. One of your most distinguished statesmen and patriots, President John Adams, said that the difference to the State was 'imaginary.' What matters it (he said) whether a landlord employing ten laborers on his farm gives them annually as much money as will buy them the necessaries of life, or gives them those necessaries at short hand?"

The statistics of America and Europe were his armory, and he drew freely. He proved that, with all the immorality of the colored race, they, at least, were free from the temptations of hunger, cold, and homelessness. He proved that fewer colored children were born out of wedlock in proportion to numbers of population, or as an absolute per cent., than in the capital of Austria, one-half, and of France, one-fourth. He closed with a sketch of the South, as to its comparative education, production, improvement, and civilization, the ideal free land of Mr. Burke. This speech was entirely free from all spread-eagle oratory. There was not a single flight of rhetoric. Not a flower or adornment of speech. Nothing of that eloquence supposed to be peculiar to the South, but which Bostonians had sometimes heard from Phillips, Sumner, Everett, and Cushing. It was a revelation of clear-cut argument combined with calm, majestic delivery. It was Webster without the magnificent gush of "Liberty and the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and "when my eyes are turned for the last time to behold the sun in yonder heavens." It was Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the stump.

I have selected this speech because it has now largely passed from the memory of this generation, and few have turned to find it in the appendix of Mr. A. H. Stephens' "War Between the States." I consider Mr. Toombs' speech in the Senate of the United States, January 7, 1861, only five years later, but on the eve of secession, the ablest and strongest he ever made. There is no room now, however, to speak of it. This takes no account of those speeches at the bar and in campaigns, of which I have now not even notes. There is a story told of that Boston speech, for the truth of which I do not vouch, save that it sounds like him. Some reply must be made, and the *Hub* orators were dumb. A philanthropist, advertised as such by his long hair, came up to Mr. Toombs as he stood in the center of a group at his hotel and said: "Sir, I have come to ask you a question, and you impress me as a man who will tell the truth, even if it bears against him."

"I will try," said Mr. Toombs with great meekness.

"I am told, sir," said the man, "that down in Georgia you actually work poor negroes to the plow, instead of mules or horses. Is that true, sir?"

Mr. Toombs looked like a man hit hard, but asked, "Do you know the cost of a negro man, sir?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "from a thousand up to fifteen hundred dollars, for human flesh, sir! Man's horrible trade in man!"

Said Mr. Toombs, "Will nine hundred do for an average?"

"Yes, sir," said the man; "I think we may say that."

"Do you know the cost of a common mule or horse?" said Mr. Toombs.

"Yes, sir; the average of unimproved stock may be one hundred dollars. You neglect your brutes, sir."

"Granted," said Mr. Toombs. "Now how many negro men do you think it takes to pull a two-horse plow in clay soil like ours?"

"I have not thought of that, sir; but —ahem—we will say ten."

"Then," said Mr. Toombs, in that tender, pathetic tone, which would have made him perfect as a revivalistic exhorter, "then we have a mule team at two hundred dollars and a negro team that costs nine thousand; and what do you think of the economy of it yourself?"

The talk ended, and only one man failed to smile.

It is not generally known that Mr. Toombs was the choice of the Montgomery Congress of 1861 for President of the Confederate States, and that the leadership and probable fate of the Confederacy turned on a mistake.

Alabama sent nine delegates; Florida, three: Georgia, ten; Louisiana, six; Mississippi, seven; South Carolina, eight, Texas, seven. A little over fifty men, including the secretaries, and only seven states. Mr. Jefferson Davis was not in the Congress, and Virginia, North Carolina and the rest were not sure to secede. The choice was with Georgia, by consent, and Mr. Toombs the man. But the flow of wit at a party given by Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, made the new men think the Georgian flighty. Then Thomas R. R. Cobb indiscreetly electioneered for his brother, the Hon. Howell Cobb, late Secretary of the United States Treasury. The Georgia men would not have nominated Mr. Cobb, and Mr. Toombs was calm as a rock in time of need, and by far the ablest man among the secessionists. Mr. Davis, the hero of Buena Vista, and an ex-Secretary of War, was known or understood to desire the command of the army. But a mistake made Mr. Davis the head of the government, and Mr. Stephens, the very last Union man in the South to yield obedience to his hobby, "The Voice of Sovereign States," was the Vice-President.

The following letter, headed and dated "Confederate States of America, Department of State, Richmond, July 5, 1861," will show the early divergence of opinion among the few brainy men, who might be expected to win the terrible game of fighting at home and for home, on inside lines, against outnumbering millions of men and unlimited supplies. It is written to the Vice-President:

"*Dear Stephens*: I received your letter of the 22d ult., and would have written before but for the fact that you did not expect to be home until the 12th inst. I am glad to see that you are doing your duty about the 'cotton loan.' It is of vital importance; but I find nobody but yourself appreciating it, and taking the proper steps to make it effective. I have no doubt but that, if one-fourth of the members of Congress had taken your course, we should have been able to put our finances on the most satisfactory and impregnable basis. Men will not see that the revolution must rest on the treasury, and without it, it must fail and lead to incalculable mischief. I am constantly urging Memminger (Secretary of the Treasury) to action, and writing letters myself all over the South. Memminger wants experience, and is misled by every little newspaper paragraph to the

effect that the thing is going on swimmingly. You and I know how to value such things, and that nothing but clear, active, unremitting, universal canvassing in every county in the South, can make it a success. And if it should prove inadequate, nothing but high, hard, rigid, direct tax can save us. This will bring discontent. The men of property should support this war, and taxation, if universal, is hardest on the poor: and in that lies the whole argument."

Mr. Toombs then devotes nearly a page of the large letter paper to the state of the Confederacy. He says: "It is a dead race for *slow* between Scott and Davis." He speaks of General Walker gathering arms to defend the two Carolinas and Georgia, and says that up to six weeks before the date of his letter, nothing of importance had been done toward getting improved arms from Europe, through the blockade. He says: "Mallory (Secretary of the Navy), you know, is good for nothing but to squander public money; he would not make a navy with our means in ten years. An active man would have cleared half the ports of the Confederacy of the blockading ships. Many of them are nearly worthless ships of commission that can hardly stand the fire of their own batteries, but they are very effective against *unarmed* ships of the same kind. Nothing has been done by our commission abroad, save what you see in the newspapers. They give better accounts of the state of things in Europe than the commissioners do, and are much better informed." Here Mr. Toombs seems to make the same mistake that he criticises Mr. Memminger for, for he adds:

"France and England will acknowledge our independence this fall, unless we are overcome before that time. Simply holding things as they are will secure that, and any decided success would hasten it. There must be a fight in a few days on the Winchester line. It would not surprise me to hear of it any moment. One is constantly expected also on the Manassas line. Beauregard is strong and well fixed. Johnston is weak, unnecessarily weak, and must meet the first shock with great disadvantage, but I have great confidence in his generalship. I hope for good, against all military calculations. Mr. Davis has fallen into Scott's trap of scattering his forces, and is therefore too weak everywhere. I should concentrate and fight wherever I had the best chance of success, and let towns and cities go to the flames if necessary. After whipping the enemy on his main line, the outposts would be very easily disposed of." He goes on to say:

"We have a big army scattered all about the waters of Chesapeake Bay to watch Fortress Monroe, and I should say it does not take less than fifteen or twenty thousand troops, when two thousand at Norfolk are all that is necessary. Your report of private arms is very satisfactory. It shows at least enough for local defense, and would, therefore, release the public arms for that service.

"I don't at all like the action of our government as to Missouri. Five thousand men in arms would now save that State, and this government abandons her to her fate. She is obliged to be friend or enemy, and five thousand men would enable her to engage fifty thousand Federal troops, and thereby greatly weaken McClellan in Western Virginia, but Mr. Davis is immovable. I do not like my present position. I have place without power, and responsibility for a policy I disapprove."

He then objects strongly to separate companies of State troops coming to Virginia to be organized, and to regular army men getting the pick of the volunteers. He concludes:

"I shall get out of the government at an early day. I want to do it quietly and inoffensively if possible. I have already tendered the President my res-

ignation. He is extremely disinclined to it, but I am sure I am of no use in it save to divide the responsibility for measures I do not approve. This letter is for you; I have only thought aloud in writing it." Then, with a word of his own family, he signs it. "Yours very truly, *R. Toombs*."

Mr. A. H. Stephens gave me this letter, with many others of historic interest, and says of them in the letter of instructions in his own hand, which I still have, "With no restriction upon their use except such as may be dictated by fitness and good taste."

I did not include it in my "Life, Letters, and Speeches" of Stephens in 1866, although Mr. Toombs, to whom I wrote of my purpose, made no objection in his reply of October 5th, from Paris. It seems now proper to make up history, when the great actors are passing away, and while some remain who can explain or contradict. My object in this article is to show, by the Boston lecture of 1856, how entire was even then divergence between Northern and Southern representative men. With Mr. Toombs, revelation and nature supported slavery. The Northern mind rejected alike "those twin relics of barbarism, slavery and polygamy." Mr. Stephens, in his Savannah speech, had held slavery to be the "cornerstone" of the new Confederacy.

I have used extracts from only one letter to show how, as early as 1861, one of the chief actors in the revolution of 1860-65, had foreseen its failure from lack of money, discouragement of the people, lack of arms and supplies, and failure to concentrate and use the few men we had, to defeat opposing masses in detail. With Alex. H. Stephens, Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, and a few others, Mr. Toombs had begun to see "the beginning of the end." He soon after took the field at the head of a brigade made up of heretofore scattered Georgia troops; Mr. Stephens' brother, Linton, being Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the regiments. I am now to show that at least the thought of so desperate a move as counter-revolution, or a change of Executive in the midst of war, came to the mind of this "born revolutionist," and finally, that after the death of Mr. Lincoln, and the failure of Mr. Andrew Johnson's "sober second thought" to carry out the mild policy of reconstruction outlined by Mr. Lincoln to his cabinet, he had some dim expectation of a serious conflict between the Executive and the Congress of the United States. Possibly that the army might be called into this high debate, and that in the turmoil, attention be called away from the worn and poverty-stricken leaders who had cast the dice for Southern empire and lost the throw.

PART SECOND.

Just here I would interpolate a fact as to the character of Mr. Toombs which may greatly modify what he himself says. I shall, as largely as possible, refrain from all "memories" and "conversations" not written out at the time, but recalled after twenty years of thought entirely foreign to them. A cold coon trail and a cold impression, are alike unproductive. A study of the life-like portrait of Mr. Toombs, in Stephens' "War Between the States" will show a lurking smile at the corners of the mouth. A love of fun, and a desire to "sell" the people who valued themselves highly, was, even above money-getting and desire for power, his ruling passion. Cautious as a politician, and in no small degree a demagogue, he would risk friendship or support, on a joke. It was so with severe sarcasm. Once, at the table of his friend at Liberty Hall, a fellow guest was a young man that he greatly esteemed. But Mr. Linton Stephens had led the way to a discussion of Milton by a reading of the invocation to light in Paradise Lost, and the young man said, "It seems to me that Milton is greatly over-rated.

I can't always make out what he means."

Toombs said, in his blandest way, "That was the one great defect in the work of Mr. Milton. He was *blind*, and never learned how to write for fools."

It was undeserved, and he regretted it, but the temptation was too great. Many readers will remember that a correspondent of the *Herald* called on Mr. Toombs in good faith, to get information as to the state of affairs in Georgia in the reconstruction period. The South, and Mr. Toombs personally, needed to appear in the best light before the North. But Mr. Toombs gave the young man a noble dinner, and then entertained him with a seemingly frank and sad confession of the terrible demoralization of the South. Life and property were alike unsafe, and he took the frightened man out and introduced him to the quetest and gentlest-hearted merchant in the little town, as the leader of the *Ku-Klux Klan* (the name derived from the three sounds of a cocked musket) and as the cruel director-general of the lashing gangs of Georgia. That copy of the *Herald* was painted with gore. I have thought it probable that he had a hand in the "Arrowsmith Hoax" on the London *Times*, in which duels and falling and unheeded dead bodies, graced the rear platform of a train going from Macon to Savannah, Georgia, before the war.

His best friends were not spared from this terrible love of grotesque invention. I must here guard against the impression that he was an untruthful man. All who knew him understood him, and if some poor fellow found himself a victim, he might also know that Mr. Toombs rated his intelligence very low, for he expected all men of sense to understand him and his mood. Once on honor, and he was truth incarnate.

I remember, at Liberty Hall, a scene reported to me by a guest, for I was not present. Mr. Toombs had just returned from the North, and was detailing his visit to a mechanical and industrial exhibit. He described one invention which he said he had bought. It was machinery gifted with brains and fingers, and turned into the harvest field. For variety and perfection of work, it had no rival. Even Mr. Stephens was misled by the detail and minuteness of the description, and said, "You must take me out to the plantation and let me see it, when I come over to court next week."

Mr. Toombs said, without a smile, "I have not got it; the ship sunk." Then all at the table knew that the sunken ship, so promptly invented, had carried down with it only a brilliant idea. I am not sure that he could not have invented the machine. At the same dinner he gave a most laughable picture of the terrors of two poor fellows taken by his own hands as prisoners at the battle of Columbus, Georgia. One could see the scene as if Hogarth had painted it. Some one asked, "What did you do with them; have you ever heard of them since?" This was not in the story, and he said, "I didn't want any prisoners; I turned them loose." It was probably all fiction, although his kind heart would be sure to liberate anything that had been made to amuse him.

These stories, only given for true, like the other, because they "sound like him," may reflect upon the speech I have to quote from, as on the letters that exist from him, and I have never been sure that, as I sat in his tent in the summer temperature of Savannah in January, 1864, he did not grade my intelligence with that of the young critic of John Milton, and simply stuff me with a "cock-and-bull" story of his intended counter-revolution. The speech is confirmatory and so are letters, but although I almost at once returned to duty as the head of the leading Georgia daily, I did not print that "most interesting interview." Permit me to say

that, from the little I saw of General Grant, I believe that he, too, was quite capable of "stuffing a greehorn," although his way was to let his man spend the hour in "drawing him out," and then leave him with exactly the information he had at the outset.

Amos T. Akerman was Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the regiments in Toombs' brigade of State troops, to which he was appointed by Governor J. E. Brown, after some row in Virginia for insubordination (I think) and resignation. This Colonel Akerman was the first Attorney-General of General Grant's administration. He took full notes of the speech at the time, January 23, 1864, and afterward wrote them out for the Athens, Georgia, *Watchman*. The *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Augusta, Georgia, republished the speech entire on Friday, March 4, 1864. Mr. Toombs said, his own brigade being the chief auditors:

Gentlemen: We are in a revolution, grand, powerful, dangerous, terrific. There are dangers from without. There is discord within among civilians. There is dissatisfaction everywhere. We must first find out the disease and then apply the remedies. Emollients will not do. Palliatives will not do. The danger is imminent. The case is critical, and requires strong remedies. Whenever there is a want of security to right, the country is virtually in a state of civil war, and will soon be in actual civil war. Such is our condition. There is no confidence that rights will be respected. See the perfidy practiced towards those who have put in substitutes. I say nothing of the policy of allowing substitutes. I opposed it, but different views prevailed. The faith of the government was pledged, and now it is shamefully broken. There is no profit in bad faith, in this world or in the next. We have been told that all men are needed in the field. This is not true. But, if true, we are ruined. After much study of the subject, and some experience in both civil and military affairs, I am convinced that in war, ninety-five per cent is business, and only five per cent is strictly military. The business of the country must go on in every essential department, or we fail in the war. The efficiency of the army has its root in the thrift of the people at home. We demanded of the old United States Government that rights should be respected and that justice should be done. This was refused, and we revolutionized. *I was a revolutionist for liberty, and I will be one till I get liberty.* If the Yankees stand in the way, I am their enemy. If domestic traitors stand in the way, I am their enemy. No society can stand unless every man's life and acquisitions are safe under the law. There is a purpose to take away the *habeas corpus*, the guaranty of personal liberty, formidable to tyrants only. The old barons of 1237* understood the rights of Freemen. They were illiterate. Most of them could not sign their names except with the glorious cross of Jesus Christ. Yet, sword in hand, they wrenched the Great Charter from a faithless monarch. Are you not as ready? Shall stars and stripes (the badges of Confederate rank, not the Union flag) rob you of your rights? The same love of liberty that inspired *them* sent James the II. into exile, and brought Charles the I. and Louis the XVI. to the block, and I trust it will get the head of every villain who tries to rob men of their rights. Socrates demanded of the thirty tyrants, that right should be respected and justice done. This has been the demand of freemen in all ages, and wherever it is persistently refused there is civil war, ending in the triumph of despotism or the secure establishment of rights. You farmers sow, and you ought to reap. How

*This is the date given by Mr. Toombs. Zell's *Cyclopedia* gives the date of the charter as 1215.

much do you get? As much as the meanest petty tyrant chooses to give you. (The tax-in-kind and seizures under plea of military necessity.) Soldiers do not get it. The poor of our cities do not get it. Therefore, there is discord, discontent, desertion.

"The President (Mr. Davis) has proclaimed to the country and to the Yankees that half of our army has deserted. I hope this is not true; but if they have deserted, what has caused it? Not love for the North; there is nothing in the conduct of the Yankees, nothing in their cruelty, nothing in their rapacity, nothing in their malice, to win the affections of our soldiers."

Again, "All the the twenty-eight amendments in the Confederate constitution abridge executive power. If there was danger from the Executive when fifty millions were spent and in peace, what is it now when we spend nine hundred millions in war? The Constitution says that no man shall be deprived of his freedom but by legal arrest, yet you can not travel without a pass. This is proper for a soldier, but not for a citizen."

Here the revising hand of Mr. Toombs seems to have come in, for in the speech he spoke of the negro that "totes a pass," and said the civilian who did so was alike degraded.

"Who appoints those provost marshals who forbid you to travel without their permission? Not the Constitution or the Congress, but the President. We have given great military power to our officers. This is right; but they should govern according to law, and attempt to govern nobody but soldiers. . . . There is no concord where there is no liberty; *and let discord reign until liberty be restored.* You are not sure but that they have impressed the cow that you left at home for the sustenance of your little ones."

Here he denied the authenticity of a speech recently published as made by Howell Cobb, then general, and went on at length to speak of the hardships of authorizing army men to seize what they would and give worthless scrip.

Then he said: "There is a proposition to put all men in the army, and then for the President to detail such as are needed at home. (This was virtually done.) If the President had the wisdom of a hundred Solomons he would be unequal to such a duty. How can he know the wants of society in its infinite ramifications? The partiality and oppression with which such a power would be exercised in almost any human hands, would be fatal to liberty.

"When they put you all under one man and take away the *habeas corpus* it will be time to draw the bayonet. In many places a mill can not be run without an order from the Government."

I was standing near Mr. Toombs, and about this part of the speech I saw the Adjutant-General of the Department, and brother, I think, of the commanding general, Gilmore, who had been listening with a very grave face, leave the mass of men and mount his horse and ride away to Savannah, a few miles from the State troops' camp.

Mr. Toombs continued: "A man can not travel without an order from the Government. Is it wonderful there should be discontent? Better die than bear such oppressions; die and leave a glorious name like Brutus, the watchword of patriots in all ages; or Cromwell, clouded for two centuries, but now shining with luster. Save your country, your family; above all, save liberty. I address you as citizens, not as soldiers. As citizens, defend liberty against Congress, against the President, against whoever assails it. You had liberty before the President was born, and I trust you will have it after he is dead. I am bound by military rule to speak respectfully of the President, and, therefore, I wish to be understood as expressing no disrespect of that officer.

"I ask for no mutiny, *unless it be*

necessary in defense of constitutional rights. If invasion of these rights come by one, resist him; if by many, resist them. How shall you resist? First, go to the courts. I trust our judges will have the independence of Judge Holt. But if they will not give you justice, still defend your rights. Whoever betrays you—courts, congress, governors, presidents, or even your own sons—still stand by your rights. Give no heed to the villainous doctrine that the Constitution was not intended for times of war. The men who made the Constitution of the United States had just come out of a seven years' war. They knew the encroaching tendency of military power, and they endeavored to guard against it. They knew the like bad tendency of military governments, and that standing armies are always the creatures of power. For defense against great dangers they relied upon the militia. Conscription was never heard of in the Saxon race until the reign of Mr. Davis. You hear of courts-martial shooting people. Such things are foreign to the genius of Saxon liberty.

"There were four hundred officers from the South in the old United States army; a majority of seventeen joined the enemy. Of those who came to us not one brought a soldier to our banners. General Bragg said he did not want politicians to command in the army, yet Bragg has lost an empire (Kentucky and Tennessee and North Georgia). Wherever we had victories, politicians were among the commanders. In the four regiments of my old brigade there was not one deserter, and I never court-martialed one of the men. All the brigade are now present or accounted for; present in the service of their country under the noble commander, General Benning, or accounted for on the list of fallen heroes. Eleven hundred of them have fallen and are on the rolls of the next world. In England when an administration loses the confidence of the country, it retires. It is not so here; the country has no confidence in Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Memminger, or Mr. Mallory, yet they remain in office."

He then attacked the conscript law as a means of giving the President the appointment of officers, who were elected by the men under militia regulations, and said there were no conscripts in the recent victories around Richmond.

Mr. Toombs concluded: "Do not listen to the miserable plea of necessity. Treachery and robbery are never necessary to a good cause. The government got from the people all it asked for, until it resorted to coercion. You are soldiers under discipline. Discipline is the life-blood of the soldier, the glory of the corps. In a few weeks your service will expire, and you will go home and resume your place in society as citizens, sovereigns. Then do the duty of citizens. Defend liberty against every foe, foreign and domestic. Maintain the revolution. Give to it, if required under the law, the last dollar of money and the last drop of blood."

This speech sounded to me a little like the "My Bugle Note," of which I had heard him talk, and the beginning of the counter-revolution with which he said A. H. Stephens, the governors of several of the states, the Secretary of War, General Breckinridge, Generals William Henry Walker, Gustavus W. Smith, G. T. Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnson, and even General Lee were in more or less sympathy. I asked Mr. Stephens about it after the war, and he said it was all pure bluster on the part of Mr. Toombs, and that he had never been approached on the subject. I never heard of any other governor or general then, or since, who contemplated a revolution to depose Mr. Davis and his supporters in Congress. Mr. Davis, in his "Rise and fall of the Confederacy," does not even refer to such a thing as a source of embarrassment so far as I remember, and the chief effect produced was the arrest of Mr. Toombs for

insubordination, and a court-martial was ordered by the General of department, but never, I think, convened. When the State troops went home a few weeks later, on the expiration of their six months' enlistment term of service, Mr. Toombs went also on his personal parole, and was soon after discharged from the constructive military custody by *habeas corpus* issued by my old law partner, Judge Thomas W. Thomas. The State troops refused to re-enlist as volunteers, and left their camps under the sound of the guns of General Gilmore, the Federal commander, who soon after reduced Fort Pulaski.

President Davis made his own effective comment upon the speech and the action of the Georgia troops, in the form of Special Order, No. 33, signed by S. Cooper, Adjutant-General. This ordered the Bureau of Conscription to at once enroll all persons (male intended but not so stated) between the ages of seventeen and eighteen years, and between the ages of forty-five and fifty years, to serve during the war. The second paragraph gave thirty days for compliance, and made those failing to do so liable to the regular service. The third paragraph gave leave for voluntary organization of local defense, and under this paragraph the State troops, much demoralized, reorganized and elected officers for the war. It was after this reorganization, but at the time that it was published that Mr. Toombs had made such a speech and would soon write an open letter to Governor Brown; that I wrote to the Governor (then in his third term, and now United States Senator), stating what I knew or had heard. He made the following reply, which is as near a confession of knowledge of the counter-revolution as I ever obtained from any body:

Milledgeville, March 1, 1864.

Colonel Henry Cleveland:

Dear Sir: I have but a moment to reply to your letter. I am gratified to know that your friend, Colonel Barkaloo, the regiment, and yourself are so firmly attached to our good old State. I trust no such issue as you mention may arise, but I confess I look with painful apprehension upon the late action of the Confederate Government, including the act for the suspension of *habeas corpus*. Read my message when it appears, on the 10th of March, carefully, and give me your opinion of it.

Very truly, etc.,

Joseph E. Brown.

This message appeared on the day mentioned, and it is well known for its open issue with the general Government. On the 4th of March of that year (1864) Mr. Toombs' speech, made on the 23d January previous, first appeared in any prominent daily State paper—the *Chronicle*, of Augusta—but his open letter did not appear until the 3d day of June. This was much more guarded and moderate than the speech. Of it he wrote to me under the heading of Washington, Georgia, June 4, 1864:

Dear Sir: I read with the greatest pleasure your letter of the 3d inst. I have seen nothing in the public press during the war which presented so strongly and ably the true principles and policy of the revolution, and "to that complexion it must come at last." My only fear is that you may be troubled with overcautious proprietors. If they fear your line of policy they are greatly mistaken, as it will be responded to by the whole country as soon as the pressure is off, and those opinions alone will insure liberty or success.

He then fills part of a sheet with an apology for printing his open letter to the Governor in another paper; asks for its reproduction in the *Constitutionalist* (of which I was editor), and proposes to take five hundred copies of the issue in order to satisfy those proprietors.

Then, after pointing out some errors of the printer in his letter, he adds, significantly, "Let me hear from you. Military affairs look worse in the front." After his name, which I never knew him to write in full as Robert Toombs, he adds, "P. S. What chance is there for you to get a permanent and controlling influence over the *Constitutionalist?* Yours, T."

Thus it will be seen that nearly to the end he was still "harping on my daughter."

His last speech in the war was in Augusta, Georgia, and his theme, "On with the Revolution," had only mild criticism of Mr. Davis. Such as there was was strongly rebuked by many in the audience, particularly by a son of Dr. Steiner, who wanted to kill him.

Some laughable things are told of his leaving the country after the capture of Mr. Davis, and the candid statement of a banker friend that it would be safer for his neck to "On with the Revolution" in a milder clime.

It is said that he had resolved, like Mr. Stephens, to face imprisonment and trial, but on the arrival of the arresting troops, changed his mind and got out at the back door and down by his stables; also, that he scratched a hole in the dirt by the stable as he fled in his stocking feet, and buried a bag of gold, which an observing negro appropriated. Said, also, that he got out by way of Florida to Nassau in an open boat, etc. Most of the stories of that day and kind, like the petticoats of Mr. Davis, were lies, and I never had the courage to ask Mr. Toombs for the facts. He probably left his home in his carriage, or on horseback, and with ample means; he was, and remained a very rich man. I had only one important letter from him in his exile, and that is dated from a health resort near Paris, October 5, 1866. It was in reply to a letter of June 3d of that year, which he says his wife, Julia, had mislaid in her trunk, as she carried it out to him, sharing his exile. He spoke warmly and tenderly of his friend, Alexander H. Stephens, and offered any aid in his power, or material, for my "Life Letters, and Speeches" of Stephens, written in that year. Then, after stating that he expected soon to go to Canada, and that we could confer more freely when he was so near, and after speaking of a throat (not neck) trouble, not bettered in Europe, he touched on politics. Near the middle of the second page he wrote:

I am much in the dark with reference to the real state of things in the United States. (Two words are unreadable, but followed by) is that Johnson will be badly beaten by the radicals. What then? Will he "dry up" or will they impeach him and drive him out? It appears to me that they have got to such a pass between them that one or the other must go to the wall or fight. But I do not think either party are belligerent. I suppose Andy will have to knock under to Thad. Stevens & Co. I do not see how President Johnson could expect the radicals to accept the Southern people as sufficiently loyal to join the "Happy Family," (an allusion to Barnum's cage of incongruities), when he will not trust them with their own affairs, but still, in the teeth of his professed principles, maintains martial law and absolute despotism at the South. For he may disguise it as he will, it simply amounts to a government at his absolute will and pleasure. I am not sorry that Stevens & Co will beat him. The South can then be no longer deceived by the idea that there is profit if not honor in passive obedience to the Federal Government. She will find that, for her, it is and must necessarily ever be the worst government on earth. That any change, any fate is better than submission to it. Thad. Stevens & Co. are not extremists in comparison with the majority and dominant party at the North; they are moderates. And still

more violent and ultra men will come into Congress this winter, and take the lead of Stevens & Ca., who will in their turn (like Seward) become conservatives. President Johnson had as well set his house in order if he relies upon "the *p-e-o-ple*" to help him out of this scrape. He is already lost—nothing can save him but physical force; and I see Grant is getting all things ready to "save the life of the nation," by making the army the arbiter between the contending factions. This is but history repeating itself: yet how few people comprehend it until it becomes history, when it is—*too late! too late!* Give my best respects to Mr. Stephens, and tell him that when the muss gets up, that I shall rely upon my being too inconsequential (it looks like that, only Toombs seldom felt so), to attract the attention of the combatants, and come home this winter. I am,

Very truly yours, etc.,

R. Toombs.

Major Henry Cleveland,
Crawfordsville, Georgia.

This looks as if at least one of the proudest of the slave autocrats did not recognize the fact that Mr. Andrew Johnson had, by force of genius or position, become their natural leader, or as if all Southern men considered themselves pets of the great Tennesseean, although the "muss" had progressed considerably. It does not look as if General Grant was looped in with the President , or was considered open to treasonable advances. Mr. Toombs did not think either side was "spoiling for want of a fight." The historic fact is simply as Mr. Toombs puts it, that the radical party rapidly advanced their ground after the question of conquest was solved. Mr. Lincoln had virtually said to Mr. Stephens, at the Fortress Monroe conference, in 1864, "Come back into the Union and make your own terms. Emancipation must stand, but we are willing to fully compensate the owners." Mr. Johnson had resolved to "make treason odious," by following the Mrs. Surrat execution by others of higher grade, but found that General Grant intended to protect his paroles and that General Sherman sustained him. Mr. Johnson always intended to carry out the plans of Mr. Lincoln as to the bulk of the Confederates, and I have yet to learn how far and to whom Mr. Lincoln intended to extend this amnesty. The gas about "batteries on Capitol Hill," in that day, 1866, was of the newspapers only, although Congress took some precautionary measures. I question if a search among all the papers of the late Confederates could show one scrap of writing from Mr. Johnson looking toward treason. I am just as sure that General Grant was never in any dotage that led him, like dying Falstaff, "to babble of green fields." This is a digression.

Mr. Toombs returned as he said, but I think not until General Grant was President. I once heard of his calling at the Whitte House and addressing the President in words like these; "It is my custom, sir, when in foreign lands, to pay my respects to the monarch I find in power. Accordingly, being in the United States, of which I am not a citizen, I call to pay my respects to the head of that government." Leaving the President rather perplexed as to whether Toombs intended to compliment or insult him, the ex-Confederate found his way to the ante-room. Some acquaintance met him there, and it was natural to suggest the convenience of a Presidential and Congressional pardon. Toombs drew himself up to his full, magnificent stature, and said in a voice intended to penetrate to the inner room, "*Blank blank* their souls. I have not pardoned them yet!"

It is possible that this too belongs, as Artemus Ward would say, "to the facts that ain't so."

In Georgia Mr. Toombs resumed his old profession, and not only found the

government tolerable, but resumed his old influence to such an extent as to abolish the State Constitution which had been made when Governor J. E. Brown was for a time in Republican tents, and the present is familiarly called "The Toombs Constitution." It reduced the homestead from a fortune to a competence, and increased the rights and privileges of the freedmen as to education and the like.

The last public appearance of Mr. Toombs, was to deliver one of the orations of the day when the body of Mr. Stephens, the late Governor, lay in state in the capitol of Georgia. He was no longer the handsome demi-god of my boyish fancy, but faded, broken, and yet majestic and imposing still. He took his place in the stand and looked on the casket and attempted to speak. Twice he tried, and twice his voice broke, and with handkerchief to his eyes he stood there, shaken by his own sobs. I had seen him at his best and greatest, and I had seen the best and greatest of the two great English speaking lands. There stood the great secessionist above the clay of the great unionist of the South; and to me the most eloquent things in our history are those falling tears of old Robert Toombs. He did speak later, and well.

I know that he is classed as a braggart and an impractical man. But I believe in my soul that had Toombs governed and Davis taken the field, the Southern cross would be flying yet and Southern Empire a fact. He was the only man able to do it. Falsehood seeks great names, and in the above I only vouch for what I heard, or what I have in his hand-writing. He may have said that he would be able to drink all the blood that would be shed, if all of the states south of the Ohio, adopted his plans. But he never thought limited secession could be bloodless, nor offered to drink the gore of the contest. As a statesman, according to his beliefs, and as an orator and reasoner, he had few peers, and so listening Senates once owned.

The Home of Robert Toombs, at Washington, Ga.

A Word With You, Kind Reader

IN law, the delivery of a parcel to a common carrier is a delivery to the consignee. People who ship stuff by express or freight do not look to the shipper for lost goods. They hold the transportation companies responsible.

In like manner, when we deliver our magazines, books, &c., at the Post Office, our responsibility ends. The duty of delivery devolves upon Uncle Sam. We pay him to deliver the goods, he undertakes to deliver them, and he *should* deliver them. We do not have anything to say as to who shall be postmasters, R. F. D. carriers, or railway mail clerks. The Government undertakes to employ honest and efficient agents. If it fails to do so, it is no fault of ours.

We have a strictly up-to-date publishing plant. The names of our subscribers are entered in metallic type, on metallic mailing galleys. "Proofs" are taken from these galleys—that is, we print on slips of paper the names that appear in the galleys.

These paper slips are put through a metallic machine which clips the names apart as it comes to them—pasting them on the wrappers as it clips them.

Thus you see it is all done by mechanism, and margin for mistakes almost disappears.

Without exception, every copy of the magazine which leaves our shop is mailed in perfect condition, so far as covers are concerned. Now and then there may be a copy in which a blank page appears, or one that is double printed. This is due to some slippance in press-work. Without exception, every subscriber has a copy mailed to him at the Thomson P. O., and *routed as the Department requires.* If it fails to reach its destination, in perfect condition, *blame the P. O. service.*

In any case where the covers are torn off, or the magazine otherwise mutilated you may know that the malicious mischief was the work of the carrier, the local P. M., or some clerk in the railway mail service.

If you fail to get your magazine, or if it comes to you in a damaged condition, first go to the local P. O. people. If you are not given satisfaction by them, complain to the P. O. Department at Washington. Remember, the Roman Catholic priests have sworn to put me "out of business," and they are malicious enough to do me any sort of dirt.

Hereafter, we will send another copy, as heretofore, when there are blank pages, or illegibly printed pages; but we must ask that these pages be forwarded to us as an evidence of good faith.

No other extra copies will be sent out, save at the regular price of 10 cents apiece. It would bankrupt any business in the world to assume the burden of goods lost in transportation.

Another thing: our subscribers should bear in mind that we have all of a month to deliver the magazine *of that month.*

People who "kick" because they do not receive a November magazine during the first few days of November, are too impatient. We appreciate the compliment implied, but such complaints cost us labor, stationery, and postage.

The Northern magazines have accustomed our people to expect a November magazine in October, a February magazine in January, &c. I, myself, do not consider the practice a good one. It requires the magazine to be made up too far in advance. It keeps the editor too far off from those events which will happen a short while before the subscriber gets his magazine.

We have tried to go to press on the 23rd of the month preceding that whose

name appears on the cover. We do not always succeed. Accidents will happen, in spite of all that we can do. The illness of the Editor may cause delay in his "copy." Objectionable reading-matter may escape his vigilance; in that case, pages must be torn out, reset, and sent through the press a second time. An occurrence of that kind delayed the December number two weeks. We hope no such thing will occur again.

Henceforth, it is my purpose to concentrate every energy that I possess on every detail of the business, on every page of the contents, on all the correspondence, and on keeping the editorial work up to the highest standard possible to us.

My heart is in the work, and no effort of mine will be spared to make the magazine a power for good, and a successful business proposition.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Dec. 15, 1911.

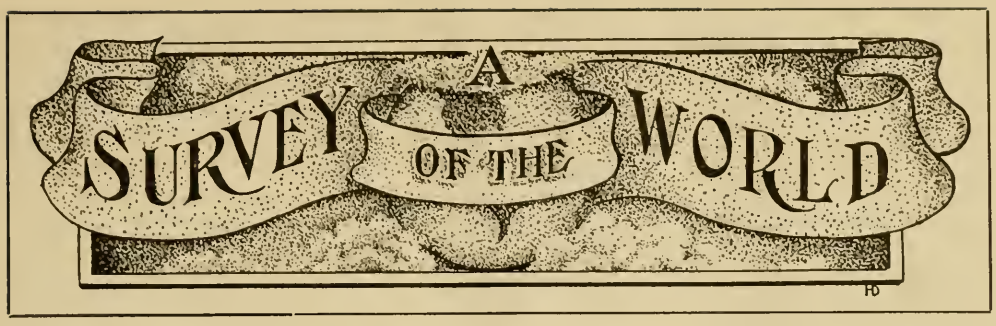
New Year Bells

L. M. Thornton

They will ring, I know, on the midnight air,
The beautiful New Year Bells.
When the snow is white and the world is fair
And the sleigh-bell chorus swells.
They will fling afar the sound of their mirth
And pledge of a glad new day,
And joy shall come to the waiting earth
In their tuneful roundelay.

They will ring, I know, on the midnight air,
The wonderful New Year bells,
When the stars are clear and the skies are fair
O'er mountains and dales and dells.
They will sound afar by the fen and firth
And echo where streamlets play,
And a peace shall come to the waiting earth
In their tuneful roundelay.

They will ring, I know, on the midnight air,
The strains of the New Year bells:
When the eye is bright and the cheek is fair
And the heart with courage swells.
'Till the soul is thrilled by new hopes' birth
From a dream uncouth and gray;
And we share in the joy of sky and earth,
In their tuneful roundelay.



By THE EDITOR

COUNT FOSCO, *alias* William H. Taft, is in considerable danger of having his days numbered, politically. He played the deceptive game with great success in the far-off Philippines. He did likewise in distant Panama. But when he tried it, here at home, with the glare of the lime-light upon his every movement, he came on to a large amount of grief.

How sad it was to disappoint the Morganheim syndicate in the matter of power sites and coal lands! How irritating it was to have Brandeis discover that an important document had been secretly manufactured, dated back, and thus made to temporarily cover a Presidential fib! And then to find that all the frenzied efforts to save the virtuous Dick Ballinger were unavailing! Such untoward happenings, in the open, here at home, where every one could see, were well calculated to moderate the Count Fosco smile.

* * *

Consider Count Fosco's public speeches! That a practiced hand at diplomacy should deliver himself of such harangues amazed everybody. Ponder these brief extracts:

On the 22nd of September, 1908, Mr. Taft, then a candidate, said at Chicago:

"The revision of the tariff which Republicans desire is a revision which shall reduce the excessive rates and at the same time preserve the industries of the country. * * * I wish there to be no doubt in respect to the revision of the tariff."

On the 16th of December, 1908, Mr. Taft, then President-elect, said in New York City:

"Unless we act in accordance with our promises * * * we shall be made accountable to the American people and suffer such consequences as failure to keep faith has always been visited with. It would be better to have no revision at all unless we are going honestly and fairly to revise the tariff on the basis promised by our party."

On the 30th of June, 1909, Mr. Taft, then President of the United States, said in New Haven:

"Now I venture to say that if the Republican party does not live up to its promises, and what the people expect of it, it will be relegated to a position like that of His Majesty's Opposition."

On the 5th of August, 1909, when President Taft signed the Payne-Aldrich bill, he said:

"This law is not a perfect tariff law or a complete compliance with the promises made in the Republican platform, strictly interpreted."

On the 12th of February, 1910, speaking again in New York, President Taft said:

"Nothing was expressly said in the platform that this revision was to be a downward revision. * * * I therefore venture to repeat the remark I have had occasion to make before, that the

present custom house law is the best that has ever been passed."

* * *

In his Winona speech, Mr. Taft declared that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best tariff the Republican party had ever framed; and, therefore, the best the country ever had. That speech was made during the President's trans-continental journey previous to the November elections to 1910.

Only a few weeks ago (in November last) Mr. Taft gave out an interview from the White House, for publication in the *Outlook* magazine, of which Mr. Roosevelt is contributing editor. In this White House talk, Mr. Taft repudiated the position he took at Winona. He excused himself for having said that the Payne-Aldrich tariff was the "best ever." He stated that if he had the speech to make again he would not use the word "best." Upon what ground did the President excuse himself for saying something that he did not mean? *That the speech had been hurriedly dictated on the cars "between stations!"*

Did the President forget that he had made use, in New York, of the same expression which he used at Winona? Was the speech of Feb. 12, 1910, dictated "between stations?"

And why did the President never modify the expression UNTIL NEARLY TWO YEARS AFTER HE HAD FIRST USED IT?

* * *

The Winona speech as originally delivered and published, is in full accord with Mr. Taft's eulogy on Aldrich, his endorsement of Lodge, his address to the manufacturers of Massachusetts. The tardily repudiated Winona speech is in full accord with Mr. Taft's veto of the Underwood-La Follette bills at the extra-session. The Winona speech is absolutely consistent with Mr. Taft's conduct, *right now*, in refusing to allow the Payne-Aldrich bill revised, until his well-packed and unconstitutional Tariff Board so recommends. If the Board never recommends, the vetoes of the President will continue to protect the "best ever" tariff—*a tariff which taxes the rich man's automobile 50 per cent., the poor man's blanket 165 per cent., the poor man's clothing 68 per cent., the poor man's overcoat 250 per cent!*

* * *

Everybody knows that Mr. Taft owes his election to his pledge to a downward revision of the tariff, which would materially decrease the cost of living. Everybody knows that the Payne-Aldrich bill immediately and enormously increased the cost of living. Everybody knows that Mr. Taft is as much of a standpatter as any of those standpatters whom the people have expelled from office.

And they are going to expel Mr. Taft. From the very beginning of the campaign, he will be known as "*the candidate who broke his word.*"

IT is estimated that the Sherwood pension bill will add $70,000,000 to the expenses of the Federal Government; and, therefore, to the burden of taxation. The amount now appropriated for pensions is $150,000,000. The proposed increase will bring the grand total up to $220,000,000. Prior to the Civil War that vast sum of money would have paid the entire expense of government for several years. It would have covered the cost of the Civil War *a whole year*. It would have more than *paid for every slave*, and thus brought about peaceful emancipation.

* * *

That a Northern representative should introduce such a measure as the Sherwood pension bill, and that Northern Democrats should vote for it, may not be surprising; but what are we to say of the eighty odd *Southern* Demo-

crats who followed the lead of Champ Clark and supported the grab?

Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, was the ony Southern representative who had the courage to oppose it.

* * *

But another of Alabama's Congressmen has amazed the country by introducing a bill which provides—

"That from and after the passage of this act the Secretary of the Interior shall place upon the pension rolls the names of all surviving children of soldiers of the War of the Revolution, the Mexican War, the Indian Wars, the War between the States and the Spanish-American War, who from mental or physical affliction or disability are unable to earn their support."

Why not pension, forevermore, the heirs and assigns and lineal descendants, to the remotest generations, of every man that ever shouldered a musket in any old war, whatsoever?

Remember that in addition to the mighty host of military pensioners, there are at present 1,000,000 men and women clamoring importunately for *civil service pensions*.

What's to become of the unprivileged, Trust-ridden, taxpayers?

HOOTS! Toots! Why shouldn't Woodrow Wilson get a pension, too? On a beggarly stipend of $8,000 a year, as President of Princeton, he could not easily lay by a penny for the dismal day. As governor of New Jersey, he only rakes in $10,000 per annum—and who could, without parsimony, put any of *that* into a Savings Bank? Even though he should become Chief Executive and live in the White House, with $75,000 for salary, $25,000 for gad-about expenses, and $15,000 more for incidentals in house-keeping—he might not come out on Easy Street. So thought Woodrow. Logically, therefore, he bethought himself of heaving the anchor to windward, and he straightaway made application to become a participant, at the yearly distribution of Carnegie's tainted stuff.

But as Woodrow is only fifty-three years old, and in robust health—mentally and physically—his application, having been twice considered, was denied two times—the Carnegie endowment being for the benefit of worn-out-disabled, enfeebled, debilitated, superannuates.

ROOSEVELT has almost succeeded in keeping his mouth shut. Ever since he got the breath knocked out of him, November, 1910, he has been wierdly speechless. No more doth he yawp on Race Suicide. He no longer shouts for Simplified Spelling. We hear nothing from him about New Nationalism. Nor has he railed out, recently, against "malefactors of great wealth;" nor even against "undesirable citizens." Nowhere on the political horizon is there any "Dear Maria, you're a liar."

And when some enthusiastic admirers, in Boston town, rallied around him and cheered him, the other day, he restricted himself to the ejaculation, "Holy Smoke!"

IN her first State election, Arizona has gone Democratic. No other result could have been expected after President Taft's attempt to dictate her Constitution. His veto of the Recall feature of her organic law was one of the most arrogant usurpations of power ever exhibited anywhere. Arizona was forced to omit the Recall before she could enter the Union; but now that she is in, she can do as she likes about it. Mr. Taft's despotic conduct has presumably strengthened Recall sentiment rather than weakened it; and there can hardly be a doubt that the State will exercise her sovereign right to amend her Constitution by the re-insertion of the feature which she was ordered to

take out. Thus, in the long run, the President's action will have been proven to be as futile as it was illegal and arbitrary.

THE McNamaras committed crime by wholesale; they made war on capitalists; they used dynamite and noiseless rifles. From coast to coast they destroyed bridges and mills; in Los Angeles they blew up a publishing house. Human life, also, was taken by these criminals. It is estimated that the property destroyed was worth millions; that the lives lost amounted to 221. Horrible record!

Who were the perpetrators? *Labor union leaders; Democrats; Roman Catholics.* Workmen, by trade; Democrats, in politics; Roman Catholics in religion; Irishmen, by extraction.

They were seized without ceremony; were kidnapped from their homes; were transported to a distant State; were swiftly tried, convicted and sentenced; and are now wearing stripes in the State prison of California, serving out the penalty imposed.

* * *

Hold up your hands in horror, a moment, and then lower them, while you reflect.

What provocation did these men have? What was their motive?

Personally, they had none. They acted for others, not themselves. They worked—as they believed—for their own order, their class, the work-people generally. They were wrong, of course, and they have been justly punished; but the man who cannot see the difference between their crimes and those of the ordinary burglar, incendiary and murderer is blindly prejudiced.

Who are the eulogists of John Brown? Victor Hugo is one. Theodore Roosevelt is another.

How many Northern people condemned the atrocities which John Brown committed, on the Pottawottomie? How many Abolitionists denounced the Harper's Ferry raid? Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and all the Abolition leaders canonized John Brown, as a martyr to a great cause. Their verdict has had world-wide acceptance. Monuments have been reared to this fanatical man *who destroyed property and slaughtered peaceable citizens.* Why did he resort to deeds of violence? Because he was seeking to free the black slave, and knew no better than to believe he could advance a sacred cause by lawless, murderous methods.

Will you please draw the line of distinction between the McNamaras and John Brown? One was trying, in a wrong way, to liberate the negro; the others were trying, in a wrong way, to emancipate the white slave of the corporations.

* * *

The McNamaras destroyed property worth two or three million dollars; they sent 221 innocent persons to untimely graves. Awful! Yes, indeed; and they will suffer for it, too.

But wait a bit:

How much property, belonging to innocent people, have either been destroyed or taken by the Standard Oil Company, by the Sugar Trust, by the Beef Trust, by the Steel Trust, by the Railroads?

The Rockefeller gang blew up a rival refinery in Buffalo. The Sugar Trust virtually destroyed an independent refinery in Newark—causing one man to commit suicide. The Steel monarchs—Carnegie, Frick, &c.—had Pinkerton thugs murder men, women and children in the Homestead riots. In the Pennsylvania coal fields, Russian atrocities soaked the ground with human blood. The railroads have had people shot like dogs, to say nothing of continuous butcheries in preventable accidents, amounting to nearly 100,000 a year, in killed and wounded. In the match factories, how many girls and boys have been destroyed? In the sweat shops,

how many? By the Ice Trust, how many?

* * *

The McNamaras have been railroaded to punishment. Have any of the Big men of the Sugar Trust been clad in stripes? Have the meat packers been hurried to the penitentiary? Have Rockefeller, Archbold & Co. been arraigned before a jury in a criminal prosecution? The Government alleges that the Steel Trust has been guilty of violating the law, a part of which penalizes such violation; why, then, is the Government proceeding against these big criminals by a civil suit only? Why are not Carnegie, Frick, Rockefeller, arrested and tried for the alleged crimes?

IN Hindoostan, where millions of the wretched victims of an alien domination are on the verge of starvation, King George, of England, has been crowned Emperor amid gorgeous ceremonies. The cost of the pageant was a million dollars. For instance, the 30 trumpets of solid silver which were used to sound the fanfare, cost the English $2,500.

Only one of King George's wives was with him. Among her adornments, was the famous Kohinoor, a big diamond which was part of the original loot of the conquerors of India. It must have been peculiarly pleasing to the native princes of the country, to see the incomparable gem of the Mogul Emperors blazing in the crown of one of the foreign conquerors.

THE Chinese revolution is still under way, with the rebels gaining ground.

The Italians and the Turks are slaughtering one another in Tripoli, with no prospect of an early end of the conflict.

Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, England and Austria are not engaged in anything unusual.

As to Russia and Persia, the situation is different. An American, named Shuster, was put in charge of Persia's finances, upon the recommendation of our State Department. He wanted to inaugurate a system of honest methods; therefore, he became distasteful to Russia. The Persian cabinet was asked to dismuss Shuster. The cabinet refused to do so. Then Russia sent an ultimatum: Shuster must go, or Russian troops woud take possession of Teheran. Shuster declined to budge. Whereupon Russia sent troops to march on the Persian capital.

Apparently, Shuster's life was in danger. Our government told Russia not to hurt our Shuster. Russia vowed she wouldn't.

Suddenly, Russia withdrew her ultimatum, her troops and her demand for an indemnity. Shuster telegraphed us his great victory. We had hardly finished reading his message, and chortling over it, before word comes that the Persian cabinet have quietly dismissed our triumphant Shuster.

The ways of the heathen Chinee are as those of the untutored and the guileless, in comparison with those of a Christian diplomat. Either Russia, or England, or both together bought that Persian cabinet.

Those two kingdoms of the Cross had just about completed their plans for the "benevolent assimmilation" of that Crescent land; and therefore, they had no idea of allowing any outside Shuster to mar their program. Still, the thing had to be done diplomatically to avoid offense to our Government, which had O. K.'d our Shuster.

LATER: Our Shuster wires us that he has not been fired. Nevertheless, as he's sure to be, I let the above paragraph remain as it is.

Our American King

M. E. Bradley

The King went daily to make his prayer,
To a golden calf, erected where
Positions of State were bought and sold.
Like bales of cotton, for so much gold.

And this King had gold, plenty of gold:
So the rights of men, he bought and sold.
He lorded it over the rich and great,
And trod down the lowly of poor estate.

The sacred laws of the Government
He set aside for his own intent.
Whom he could not buy, he reviled as knaves
For scorning the price that would make them slaves.

The King had mills, where his country men
Were driven like beasts of dullest ken.
Wretched and hungry, they toiled, yet still
He made more coffers for them to fill.

He would not see that his golden gain
Were lives and souls that he had slain.
He could only see the power it gave
To fetter stronger, gaunt Labor's slave.

He lived as Babylon's King of old
To rule, or ruin by power of gold.
He laid no claim to a family tree
Money alone was his pedigree.

He courted religion—nay; do not smile
He believed that gold e'en the Lord could beguile.
So he built a church so stately and grand;
Luxurious splendor on every hand.

Thro' stained glass windows, light's mellowed rays
Round a golden lecturn softly plays.
The muffled aisles are soft to the tread,
As whispered words above the dead.

The altar glows with the rarest bloom
Of flowers that scatter a rich perfume;
And the grand, deep tones of the organ roll
Anthems of praise to this fortunate soul.

And our King is here on bended knee
And prays—for himself and his family,
His well paid servant of God on high
Would bewail the day when our King should die.

For the millions of gold, this king had given
To build this church, he had galled and driven
Ten thousand souls to a death of despair;
Who toiled in his mines, in the foulest air,
To earn the gold that his precious soul
Be bought of the Lord for a million dole.

The Lord has love for the poorest of earth
If they bring to His altar a true heart's worth.
We are told that He scourged from the temple door
The changers of money, that cursed the poor.

Gold! fearful crimes and many untold,
For that yellow metal are bought and sold.
Millions have perished and millions more
Will yet wail their death song at its door.
Treason, and treachery, sorrow and sin
To its well guarded vaults have entered in.
He is a fool who refuses to see
That the ghostly hand of history
Is still writing its record, clear annd plain
As the aftermath of unscrupulous gain.

O woe to the rich who will not read
On the pages of Time, grand Labor's need.
He has felled your forests, and sowed your grain.
He has built your ships that plow the main.
He has delved in the mines most dang'rous gloom
For light and warmth that gladdened your home;
And for these years of harrowing toil
You sell his manhood as so much spoil.
Till spent and dying, he sinks to rest
By the babe that starved at his poor wife's breast.

There rose an army ten million strong;
The army of Toil, to right this wrong.
To dethrone this King who sat alone
Lord of their birthright from zone to zone.

They bore on their banner a child at rest;
A babe that had starved at its mother's breast.
They hurried the King to his golden bin;
They opened the door—the King went in.

They buried him deep in his golden bed;
With the flag of Liberty at his head,
On which was pictured a babe at rest
That had starved to death at its mother's breast.

The ghastly hand still writes on the wall
This fearful warning to one and all:
When Humanity rises, its wrongs to right
Then Tyranny sets in a blood-red night.

The Heart of a Woman

John G. Neihardt

THE council of the fathers sat in the big lodge with very grave faces, for they had come together to pass judgment upon the deed of a woman. As they passed the pipe about the circle there were no words; for in the stillness the good spirits may speak, and well they knew that it is a big thing to sit in judgment.

And after a time of silence and deep thought, the doorflap of the lodge was pushed aside and two who came—an old man bent with many loads, and a woman in whose eyes the spring still lived. And when the two had sat down outside the circle, the head chief spoke: "Let the man speak first."

Then the old man, who had brought the woman arose.

"Fathers," he said, "you see a man with a sad heart, for I have brought my girl before you for judgment. The thing which she has told me I could have buried very deep in my breast; but I am old and the wisdom of the old is mine. Who can bury a bad thing deeper than the spirits see? And so I am here to make sharp words against myself, for the father and the child are one.

"You remember the season of singing frogs has passed three times since one of the pale-faces came among us. He was a pale-face, but not like his brothers, who find gladness in doing bad deeds. You have not forgotten how his words and deeds were kind, his voice very good to hear; nor how his face had the beauty of a woman's, though it was not a woman's face.

"Also, his hands were white as the first snow fallen in a green place; and his hair was long like the hair of our people, and it clung about his head like a brown cloud when the evening is old.

"He was hungry and lean when he came among us, and his pony was hungry and lean. And we took him in with glad hearts. We lit the feast fires; we filled him with good food. His pony we staked in our greenest places. For he was not like his brothers.

"And we called him 'the man with the singing box'; for he brought with him a thing of wood and sinews; and over this, while we sat about the feast fires, he drew a stick of wood with the hair of a pony's tail fastened to it, making songs sweeter than those of our best women-singers, and deeper than the voices of men who are glad.

"Much we wondered at this, for the magic of the white man is a great magic.

"And as he made the wood and sinews sing together, we forgot to eat and the feast fires fell blue; for never before had such a singing been heard in our lands. And once he made it sing a battle song that snarled like a wounded rattlesnake in a very dry place, and cried aloud like an angry warrior, and shrieked like the flying of many arrows and thundered like pony hoofs, and wailed like the women when the band comes back with dead braves across the backs of their ponies. And as he made it sing this song, even we who are wise leaped to our feet and drew forth our weapons and shouted the war-cry of our people—so great was the song.

"And when our shouting ceased, the man made the medicine-box sing low and sweet and thin like a woman crying over a sick zhinga zhinga (baby) in the night; and we forgot our war-cries and gave tears like old women.

"Do you not remember? This is the man of whom I speak.

"Many young moons grew old and passed away, and still he lived among

us; until lo! he was even as our kinsman, for he learned the tongue of our people, being great of wit.

"And he told of a wanderer whose own people were unkind to him; a tale of one who was not of the people of whom he was born, because he loved the spirits that sing more than a very rich man loves his herds of ponies blackening many hills where they graze. And it was of himself that he told; he was the wanderer.

"So we loved him because of this, and because of his kind words, and because of the sweet songs that he made in his medicine-box.

"And all the while my girl here was growing taller—very good to look upon. Many times I said to my woman: 'There is something growing between these two;' and we both saw it with glad hearts, for the man was a great man.

"And one night in my first sleep I was awakend by a crying of sorrows sweeter to hear than laughter—a moan that grew loud and fell again into softness, like the night-wind wailing in a lonesome place where scrub-oaks grow. And my woman beside me whispered, 'it is the spirits singing.' And the girl here only breathed very hard; I could hear her breathing in the darkness.

"I got up; I pushed the skin-flap aside; I stood as though I were in a dream. For there by the tepee stood the man with the singing-box nestled at his throat. His long, white fingers worked upon the sinews; his arm drew the hair-stick up and down. His face looked to the sky, and the white fires of the night were upon it. Never had I seen such a face; for it was not a man's face, nor yet a woman's. It was the face of a good man's spirit come back from the star-trails.

"I looked at his lips, for it seemed that the singing grew up from his face; but the lips were still.

"And my eyes made tears, for many forgotten sorrows came back to me at once, and I felt a great kindness for all things which I could not understand. And when he dropped his arm and looked at me, his eyes threw soft white fires into my breast; and then I knew the singing was not for me.

"Once, when my woman was young and still in the lodge of her father, I looked upon her with such a look.

"So I gave the girl to the pale-face, and for a time the singing-box was still; for they made a silent music between them.

"But before the first frost made the hills shiver, the pale-faces who trade for furs came to our village; and the man went with them, and with him went the girl. No man can be deaf to the call of his kind; so he went. And now my girl shall speak, and you shall judge her deed."

The old man sat down and rested his chin in his hands. The young woman arose to her feet. With lips parted the chiefs bent forward to catch the words that should fall from her mouth. Tall and thin she was, and shapely. But the shadows of a great toil and a great sorrow clung about her lean cheeks and under her dark eyes, grown big with much weeping.

"Fathers," she began, "I will tell you how my bad deed came upon me, and you shall judge. I will take the punishment; for I have felt much aching of the breast, and I can stand yet a little more.

"Three summers ago I followed the man with the singing-box into the North. This you know—but the rest you do not know. It is the way of the pale-face to toil for the white metal. They showed my man the white metal and it led him into the North among strange peoples, weher there is much gathering of furs. And I went with him, for the woman is weak and must follow the man.

"Far into the North we went, where the great Smoky Water runs thin so that a very little man can throw a stone

across it. And the singing-box went with us.

"And we built a lodge of logs, after the manner of his people, near to a great log lodge where the big pale chief lives and rules.

"And for a time our hearts sang together, for we were as one together. But when the snows had come, it happened that the big pale chief spoke a word that should be obeyed; and my man went with his brothers, driving many dogs farther into the North where there are furs of much worth.

"And when my man left he said: 'Take good care of Vylin while I am gone, for she is dearer to me than my life.' And I stared at him because I did not understand. It was the singing-box of which he spoke. As if it were a woman he spoke of it. He called it 'Vylin.' And much I wondered.

"But because my heart was soft toward the man I did acts of kindness to the singing-box which he called Vylin; for I had not yet learned that it was no box of wood, but the spirit of a dead woman of the pale-faces.

"Through the long, cold nights I held it close to me under the blankets. And often in the night I was awakened by its crying when in my sleep I touched it strongly. Like a zhinga zhinga it cried: and my heart was softened toward it, for then I had no child.

"Through the long days I talked much to Vylin. I washed it much that it might be clean and of a good smell. And often it made soft sounds like a zhinga zhinga that is glad. Then would I hold it to my dry breasts and sing to it.

"But more and more I learned that it was no box of wood, but a living thing. For I began to see that it had the shape of a woman. Its neck was very slender; its head was small; and its hair fell in four yellow braids across its neck and breast down to its hips. And the more I learned of this, the more my breast ached. For he loved Vylin, and her voice was sweeter for singing than my voice. And also I thought much of how she sang for him alone. And I said: 'She sings for him alone; she does not sing for me; therefore she loves him very much.'

"When the grass came again and the ice broke up, my man came back with the furs and the dogs and the men. They came floating down the river on big canoes. And I sang when he came again into his own lodge, for the winter had been long.

"Also I showed him how kind I had been to Vylin. I thought he would be very glad. But he spoke sharp words. He said I should not have washed Vylin. My breast ached: I could not understand. Does not a good mother wash her zhinga zhinga that it may be clean and of good smell? I had no zhinga zhinga then, so I wished to be a mother to Vylin.

"But when I told him this, he laughed a very harsh laugh and said it was a Vylin, not a zhinga zhinga, so that I was sad until he spoke a soft word; then I forgot for many days.

"But as the grass grew taller and the scent of green things was in every wind, my man grew strange toward me. Like a man with the ache for home, he was. And more and more it became his wish to be very silent while Vylin sang to him; O such strange, sweet songs, like spirits weeping!

"And more and more my heart grew hard toward Vylin; for, when I sang, that he might forget her to look upon me and call me fair, he frowned and spoke harsh words.

"So one day, as he sat in a shady place, making soft sounds with his fingers, I said to him: 'If so softly you should lay your fingers upon my neck, I too could sing as sweetly.' And he smiled, and it was like the sun looking through a cloud that has hung long over the day.

"Then he drew me close to him and

said: 'Do you see the leaves upon this tree, and do you know how many?' And I laughed, for I was glad, and often in the old days it had been his wish to joke so.

"But he said: 'So many of the pale-faces have listened to me making Vylin sing; and they wept to hear. But now I am far away and strange peoples are about me.'

"And that was the last of my gladness for many moons; for more and more he grew sullen and silent. And, when the snows came again, he went away. And I was very lonesome and sad, until one day I knew that I would be a mother.

"Then my heart sang, for I said: 'Now my man will look upon me again and speak soft words as in the old time. Does Vylin bring him zhinga zhingas?'

"All through the cold days I was glad; my heart was soft. I took good care of Vylin; I was kind to her, for at last I though she would be second in his heart. I pitied her as I thought this. I washed her no more, but, ever through the frosty nights, I kept warm blankets about her, even though I shivered.

"And when the grass came again, my man came also. And another came—a nu zhinga (boy). But my man looked with cold eyes upon the zhinga zhinga; so I wept many nights, many, many, nights. And much weeping made me not good to look upon. So the man saw me no more. Only upon Vylin did he look. With very soft eyes did he look upon her. With such eyes did he look upon me in the old times.

"My heart grew very bitter. Often I heard the man talking soft talk to her—such as he spoke to me in the old times. And I wished to tear her yellow hair from her head! I wished to kill her, to walk upon her, to hear her groan, to see her die."

The young woman's eyes flashed a battle light; her hands were clenched; her face was sharp and cruel. Very tall she seemed in her anger—a mother of fighting men.

"And that night," she said, "I threw angry words at him. I spoke bad things of Vylin. I called great curses down upon her. And I said: 'She sings; but does she bring you sons to feed you when you are old?'

"And he laughed with a harsh sound.

"So that night, when the man slept, I got up very stealthily from the blankets. My breast ached, and many black spirits pressed their fingers upon my heart. I took a knife—a very sharp knife. I uncovered Vylin where she lay sleeping in her blanket. I felt for the place where her heart should be. Then I struck, struck, struck!

"Very deep I sent the sharp knife and I laughed to hear the great groan that Vylin made as she died.

"But the man heard, too. He leaped from his blankets. He struck me with his fist; he beat me. He called down all the big curses of his people upon me. He gave me the zhinga zhinga; he pushed me from the door into the darkness. 'Begone!' he said, 'for you have killed Vylin!'

"And I went forth into the darkness with my zhinga zhinga. Many days have I walked with much hunger, and always the zhinga zhinga was a great burden. And now I am thin; my feet are weary; my breast aches."

A deep sighing shook the young woman as she sat down. Then the old man arose, and there was a sound of heavy breathing as he spoke to the chiefs who sat to judge: "My girl has spoken of her bad deed. She has killed the singing spirit that the pale-face loved. How shall she be punished?"

And, after a long stillness, the head chief spoke: "The heart of a woman is a tender thing; who shall judge it?"

And, one by one, those who sat to judge arose and left the big lodge.

A FEW INTERESTING QUERIES.

Dear Sir: Will you please answer the following questions in the Educational Department of your magazine:

1st. How do you think the question, "Resolved, that direct legislation is the best form of government for a free and independent people," would do for young men to debate?

2nd. Do you think it would be better for everybody to drop Latin and take up Bookeeping after they have passed the 8th grade?

3rd. What age do you think best for anybody to quit school when he has not had very good educational advantages?

4th. Do you think that a course in memory training is worth while?

Very truly yours,
WAYLAND HARDY.

Sycamore, Ga.

(Answers.)

(1) I think it bully.

(2) I do.

(3) He should quit when he has got a good English education.

(4) No. Every man should train his own memory by practising at it.

T. E. W.

MILITARISM VS. DEMOCRACY.

Dear Sir: A letter from my father says: "Militarism is antagonistic to Democracy." I do not fully understand Democracy, and I wish you would show me how the above is true. I enjoy your magazine very much.

HUEY HOWERTON.

Ada, Oklahoma.

(Answer.)

By "Militarism" is meant the maintenance of standing armies, in time of peace; the turning of nations into vast military camps; the saddling of two or three soldiers on the back of every tax-payer; the drilling of every male citizen to be a soldier; the huge expenditures on great armies and navies in time of peace; the elevation of the military over the civilian. Germany affords a good example of what your father meant by "Militarism." There, the soldier takes precedence of everybody. The army! the army! is on minds and tongues of the young and the old, the rich and the poor. If an officer kills a civilian, no matter how atrociously, he cannot be hanged for it. And if the officer, drilling a private, loses his temper, and spits in the face of the private, nothing is thought of it. The brutalities incident to militarism; the caste spirit which it engenders; the fact that it has to live off the non-combatants; and the further fact that military discipline teaches blind obedience to superiors, make it a deadly enemy to true Democracy.

T. E. W.

REGARDING HOMESTEADS ON GOVERNMENT LAND.

Will yon kindly answer the following questions in your Educational Department:

(1) Are there any Government lands open for settlement this year, and if so, where?

(2) Under what conditions can a foreigner be owner of a homestead?

Yours respectfully,
Illinois. HOMESTEADER.

(Answer.)

Hon. F. W. Mondell, of Wyoming, delivered a speech in Congress several years ago on the Public Land Question and in this speech our correspondent will find a mass of information. He would, no doubt, mail a copy of the address to anyone applying to him for it. His Post-Office address is New Castle, Wyoming.

(1) Mr. Mondell's estimate of the public land subject to entry by the citizen is, in round numbers, four hundred and fifty million acres.

According to him, this public land lies "all the way from Mexico to Canada, from Northern Minnesota and Western Kansas to the Pacific."

(2) A foreigner who is in actual process of becoming a naturalized citizen can become owner of public land upon the same terms as a native-born citizen.

Every head of a family, widow or single person over twenty-one years old who is a citizen, or who is in process of becoming one, may settle upon any quarter section (160 acres) and thereby acquire a prior claim to become owner upon complying with the regulations.

(a) If the settler will cultivate ten acres

From an old print in La Telegrafie Historique.

Napoleon's Visual Telegraph

The First Long Distance System

Indians sent messages by means of signal fires, but Napoleon established the first permanent system for rapid communication.

In place of the slow and unreliable service of couriers, he built lines of towers extending to the French frontiers and sent messages from tower to tower by means of the visual telegraph.

This device was invented in 1793 by Claude Chappe. It was a semaphore. The letters and words were indicated by the position of the wooden arms; and the messages were received and relayed at the next tower, perhaps a dozen miles away.

Compared to the Bell Telephone system of to-day the visual telegraph system of Napoleon's time seems a crude makeshift. It could not be used at night nor in thick weather. It was expensive in construction and operation, considering that it was maintained solely for military purposes.

Yet it was a great step ahead, because it made possible the transmission of messages to distant points without the use of the human messenger.

It blazed the way for the universal telephone service of the Bell System which provides personal intercommunication for 90,000,000 people and is indispensable for the industrial, commercial and social progress of the Nation.

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in trees on the 160-acre tract for eight years, the Government issues a free patent to him for the land.

(b) There is one class of lands for which the Government charges $1.25 per acre.

(c) There is another class of lands for which the charge is $2.50 per acre.

The payments are extended through a period of five years. Details are attended to in the land offices which are established near the available public lands, the whole business being in charge of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

T. E. W.

AS TO THE U. S. BORROWING MONEY.

Please answer these questions in your Educational Department:

(1) Why does the United States, when she borrows money, give a bond?

(2) Do they borrow to pay off officers, or just to give some one a chance to make interest, and why?

(3) What interest does one get on a United States bond? STUDENT.

Milton, Ark.

(Answer.)

(1) The bond given by the Government is simply the evidence of indebtedness, showing the amount due to the creditor and the interest promised, the date of the debt, and the time of payment. In legal effect, the issuance of a bond by the Government is the same as giving a promissory note by one citizen to another, as an evidence of a debt which is due from the one to the other.

(2) National debts, as a rule, had their origin in the same way that private debts arise. The Government either owed more than it could pay, or its expenses exceeded its revenues. Therefor the creation of the public debt, which is represented in various forms in the different countries. As a matter of fact, national debts are of modern invention, and at present are used as a prop to "frenzied finance." The British Government and the Government of the United States could pay every dollar that they owe, if they chose to do so, but there are so many privileged persons interested in keeping the Government in debt, and thereby in partnership to the capitalists, that at present bonds are issued for no other reason under heaven than to give these privileged persons the leverage which they need to support their system and control the Government.

(3) The United States bond bears from 2 to 4 per cent interest. T. E. W.

WHY THE SOUTH IS "DIXIE LAND."

Dear Sir: Please publish in next issue, in the Educational Department of your magazine, why the South is called "Dixie Land," and oblige. Yours truly,

A. L. MUMFORD.

Mississippi.

(Answer.)

Its derivation is obscure. It is said to have originated in New York, where a certain Dixie owned a large number of slaves. The latter, when obliged to migrate to the South, grew to look upon their old home as a sort of paradise, which they celebrated in their songs. In time the term Dixie's land was transferred to their new homes, and so became a name for the South among the whites as well as the negroes. The term is also connected with Mason and Dixon's line—the line of division between the free and the slave states—and is said to have been first used of Texas when that State joined the Union."—New International Encyclopedia.

Otherwise people who chase things back to their origin tell us that "Dixie Land" is so called on account of "Mason and Dixon's" line, which separated the Northern from the Southern States.

Neither of these explanations appears to be correct, but I give them for what they may be worth. "Dixie Land" is as much of a puzzle as "school butter."

T. E. W.

ABUSES OF LAND MONOPOLY.

Dear Sir: In your answer to a correspondent (evidently a Single-Taxer) in the Educational Department of a recent issue, appears the following paragraph:

"Abuses of land monopoly and speculation ownership can and should be fixed by law."

In your concluding paragraph you state: "If I did not believe to the bottom of my heart, that the reforms advocated by the Peoples party would have cured all these social ills, and restore health to the social body, I would not hesitate to say so—God knows I wouldn't."

Will you kindly state in your next issue how you would "cure land monopoly and speculation ownership by law," also how the People's party stood on this question?

Respectfully, A. N. WINGATE.

(Answer.)

Abuses in the charging of interest have been regulated throughout the civilized world by fixing the limit which is legal, and by affixing penalties which are, in their operation, prohibitive of taking an interest in excess of the legal rate. It must occur to every thoughtful reader that one of the ways whereby land monopoly could be pre-

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can easily be made as sales agent for the NEVER FAIL at home or traveling, all or spare time. **This is a new proposition.** A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—absolutely guaranteed. The thing all men had dreamed of. Perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds with the NEVER FAIL puts a razor in a better shape to give a soothing, cooling, satisfying shave than can an expert operator, no matter how careful he works. Men are excited over this little wonder machine—over its marvelous accuracy and perfection. They are eager to buy. Women buy for presents to men. Agents and salesmen coining money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. Write for full facts concerning this high grade offer. Sworn-to proofs of success never before equaled. Don't envy the other fellows. Make big money yourself. **Don't pass this opportunity by.** Act prompt. **Investigate.**

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vented is a progressive tax, which by its automatic operation, would make such monopoly unprofitable, and, therefore, practically, impossible.

In other words, just as the law knocks the injurious feature out of interest charging (meaning thereby the charging of interest upon simple loans), so the law can if it will, by rigid and equitable application of the principles of justice by taxing each citizen in proporaion to his wealth, make it absolutely impossible for any capitalist ever to monopolize the land, speculatively or otherwise. T. E. W.

ANOTHER THEORY REGARDING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NUMBER 666 OF REV. 13:18.

Editor Watson's Magazine: In the October number of your Magazine, I note that Mr. Tuggle gives his opinion of the significance of the number 666 of Rev. 13:18. Of course there are conflicting opinions regarding the meaning of symbols in prophecy.

I have seen a picture said to be copied from a photograph taken in the Vatican Museum, representing a tiara belonging to the Pope of Rome, which has been worn on important church-festival occasions. It represents a tall triple crown surmounted by a small cross. On each section of the crown is a word wrought in precious jewels—the three words forming the inscription, VICARIUS, FILII, DEI—the Roman numerals in which, when added, give the sum 666; V, 5; I, 1; C, 100; L, 50; D, 500. You will note that there are six I's and two V's (the letters U and V were formerly the same—see Webster's Unabridged).

It is said that "Vicegerent of the Son of God" is one of the Pope's assumed titles.

We are commanded to count the number.

Atlanta, Ga. MRS. W.

TOM WATSON ON WATERLOO.

Nothing in Tom Watson's "Waterloo" is more characteristic than his estimate of Wellington:—

He was never known to laugh. * * * He married with as little excitement as he managed a military maneuver, and he begat children from a stern sense of duty. He heartily favored flogging in the army, and he bitterly opposed penny postage. In his old age he was asked whether he found any advantage in being "great". "Yes, I can afford to do without servants. I brush my own clothes, and if I was strong enough I would black my own shoes." He had ridden horseback all his life, but had a notoriously bad seat. Often in a fox hunt he gave his horse a fall, or was thrown. Like Napoleon, he always shaved himself. He was a man of few words, never lost his head, and was as brave as Julius Caesar.

Somewhat interlarded with the irrelevant, but vivid in projection of character. The whilom populist chieftain is a more discriminative student of history than he ever was of politics. His "Napolen" and "Life of Tnomas Jefferson" are at once picturesque and forceful. These qualities enter into "Waterloo", originally written that the author might utilize material crowded out of his study of Napoleon, and now revised in the light of Lord Broughton's memories, and one or two other important publications of the last two years.

What took place at Waterloo on Sunday, June 18, 1815, is still briskly debated. Much of the battle was hidden from both Napoleon and Wellington, and not one of the many officers who afterwards wrote about it could see it all. Wellington reported that he fought D'Erlon's corps at Quatre Bras. Yet D'Erlon did not come within striking distance of the English at any time during the day. As Watson put it, his corps which should have turned Blucher's reverse into utter deafeat, was a pendulum which swung first toward Napoleon, and then toward Ney, reaching neither. "Had not the emperor turned it back when on its way to join Ney, Wellington would have been crushed. Had not Ney recalled it when it was in sight of the emperor, Blucher would have been destroyed." But neither got the use of it, owing to miscarriage of one of Napoleon's orders and Ney's impetuous absorption in his own immediate task. It was on the march all day and did nothing. Napoleon's lack of it, blocked a well-laid plan for annihilation of Wellington. Among many "ifs" contributing to the final result of Waterloo, somebody's blunder with D'Erlon looms largest.

Let us take it on another tack. Mr. Watson holds the reports of commissioners of the allied powers accompanying the English army, leave no doubt that the English won not by their valor alone, but because Napoleon had to fight two armies at the same time. In other words, Wellington's supports arrived, and Napoleon's did not. Blucher did what he promised to do while Grouchy failed to obey orders intended to keep the Prussian commander from coming up. Had it not been for Blucher's ardent fidelity and ruthless energy, Wellington would have been routed and Napoleon would have sat down in Brussels to the supper prepared by Flemish noblemen in expectation of his triumphant entry.

In "The Corsican," a lately published volume of Napoleon's notes on his own life, he attributes his deafeat at Waterloo to his lack of Murat, who might have turned the tide, by breaking the English squares with one of his incomparable charges of cavalry. Says Mr. Watson: "Whenever Napoleon talked of Waterloo he either confined himself to despairing ejaculations, or involved himself in contradictions." At Waterloo he was already victim to a strange malady which caused occasional paralysis of will and dulled a mind wont to pounce upon the key to a military situation with superb alacrity.

It is surprising to find Mr. Watson believing that Napoleon was the champion of democracy. Speaking of the restored Burbons of 1814, he inquires: "Had they not set about annihilating the glorious

work of reform which had cost France so much—so much in well-spent treasure, so much in patriotic sacrifice ,so much in heroic blood? Had they not done their best, in 1814, to blow the trump of resurrection for every abuse, every wrong, which France had buried amid the rejoicings of the progressives all over the world?" Yet Napoleon was possibly the most arrogrant inoividual in all history.

In passing we may note Mr. Watson's comment, for which he is indebted to Sir William Fraser, on the scene of the ball made famous in Byron's poem. Generations of schoolboys have declaimed, "Within a windowed niche of that high hall." and so on. It appears that the "high hall" was the store room of a carriage builder in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's palace. It was a low room, 13 feet high, 54 feet broad and 120 feet long. There was room enough for the 200 guests invited, but none to spare. So much for fact and poetry.—Boston (Mass.) Advertiser.

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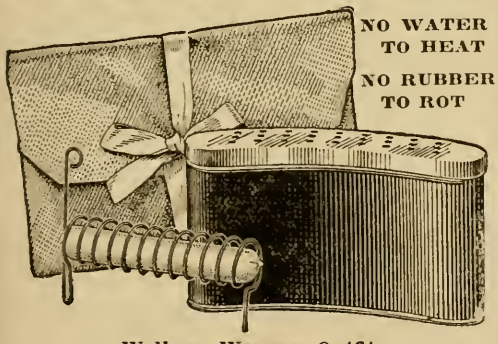

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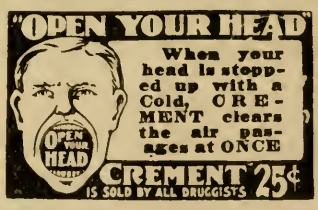

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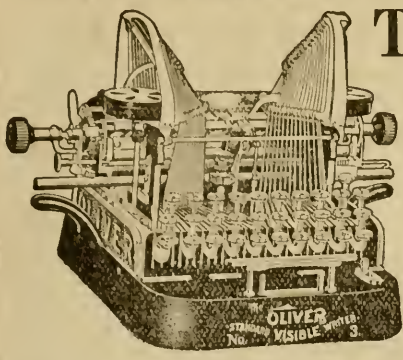

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